THE WORKS OF THE FAMOUS AND WORTHY KNIGHT, SIR DAVID LINDESAY

of the Mount, *Alias*, Lyon, King at Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former errours wherewith they were corrupted; And augmented with sundry works, &c.

JOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis super terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.

GLASGOW,
Printed by Robert Sanders, Printer to the Town and are to be sold at his Shop, ANNO 1665.

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Job xii.

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

IT hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up faithful and worthy men, of singular gifts and graces (especially in the time of greatest defection) to bear witness to his truth, and to rebuke the world of sin: As *Noah* for the space of 120. years, before the deludge came upon the old world, to preach repentance. *Lot* in *Sodom*, whose soul they vexed with their unlawful deeds. *Moses*, the Ruler of his people, sent of God to threaten *Pharao* for their oppression, refused to suffer with Gods people, rather then to commit sin. And all his Prophets, from time to time, to reprove and correct the enormities not only of the *Jews*, but also of the *Gentils* for their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable men of all Nations, have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cause of Christ? And in our own Nation, amongst many other learned men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the time of palpable darkness, to stir up this Author *Sir David Lindesay*, albeit a Courteour, and exercised about matters of Estate: yet a man of such singular faithfulness, that he spared not as well in his satyres, as Sermons and playes, as in all other works, to enveigh most sharply, both against the enormities of the Court, & the great corruption of the Clergy; that it is wonder how he escaped their bloody hands, they having such power at that time: as they restrained in shedding the blood of Gods servants, Master *Patrick Hamiltan*, *Robert Forrest*, Gentleman, *George Wi, sheart*, and *Walter Milne*, with diverse others, who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth; & yet this Author ended his days in peace, for all their gaping and menacing. This lets us see the wonderful power and providence of the Almighty: that albeit he suffer the wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaseth his Majesty cooperate there. For further commendation of the Author, his own work shall testifie his probity. I will not detain thee (good Reader) any longer from the perusing of the same. Fare-well.

A PROLOGE

Of the miserable estate of the World, Natures Experience and the Courtiour.

Musing and marueling on the mysterie
From day to day in earth inhabitants
And of each state the infelicitie
Perceiuing of the worlds inconstancie
Whereon the most part do their minde abuse
Inordinately on hungry couetise
Vain glore, deceit, and other sensuall vice

But tumbling in my bed I might not lie
Wherefore I went forth in a merie morning
Comfort to get of my melancholie
Some-what before fresh Phebus gilding
Where I might heare the birds sing
Into a park I past for my pleasure
Decored well by craft of Dame Nature.

Now I receiued comfort naturally
For to describe at length it were too long
Smelling the wholsome herbes sweetly
Whereon the dulce and iuicie dew did hang
The Orient pearles upon the blossoms
Of hew that the rosemarich
Pierced through from the tender

O hew Rubee, that King Ethereall
Shining vp into the Orient
Illuming in his Throne Imperiall
With his beames reuiuing
All vnto the Firmament
Comforting euery corporal creature
Which formed here on earth by Dame Nature.

Whyle Hesta his purpur'd vestiment nocturnal,
With his imbrowned mantle matutine,
He left inus his Region Aurozal,
Which on him waited when he did decline,
Loward his Occident Palace Vespertine:
And rose in habite gay and glorious,
Brygter then gold or stones precious.

But Cynthia the horned nights Queen,
She lost her light, and led a lower sail,
When once her soveraign Lord that she had seen
And in his presence wared black and pale,
And ouer her visage cast a mistie vail.
So did Venus the Goddess amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the old intoxicate Saturne
Perceiving Phebus powre his beams bright
Above the Circle, then made he no sojourn,
But sodainly did lose his horrowed light,
Which he did never shaw but in the night.
So Polo Arctick, Ursel, and starres all,
Which situate are in the Septentrional.

(Ye erring ships that are without all guide,
Condemning them upon the Horrible night)
Within their frostie Circle did them hide;
Yea these fixe starres have none other light,
But the reflexe of Phebus beams bright.
That they durst none into the Heavens appear,
Till he had circuite all our Hemisphear.

We thought it was a sight celestial
To see Phebus so Angel-like alicnd
Into his sterie chariot trium phal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All care of worldly bird from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapistrie,
wrought

Wrought by Dame Natura queint & curiouſlie,
Painted with many hundreth hew ſondrie,
Glad of the riſing of that royal Roſe,
With bloomes breaking on the tender boſe,
Which did prouoke mine heart to natural joy:
Neptune that day and Eolus helde them coy,
That men of far might hear the birdes ſaund,
Whoſe noiſe did to the ſtarry heauens reſound.

The pleaſant Pawn punzeing his feathrem faire,
The mirthful Mauis made great melodie,
The luſtie Lark aſcended in the aire,
Numbring her natural notes craftily.
The gay Gold-ſpink, the Merle right merrily,
The noiſe of the noble Nightingales,
Redounded through the mountains & dales.

Contemplating this mirthful harmonie,
How euery bird dreſt them for to aduance,
To ſalute Nature with their melodie,
That I ſtood gazing almoſt in a traunce,
To hear them make their natural obſeruance,
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Through repercuſſion of their ſugred ſang.

I loſe my time, alace, for to rehearſe
Such unfruitful and vain deſcription,
Or write into my rimal raggen verſe,
Matter without edification:
Conſidering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miſeries,
With continual careful calamities.

Conſiſting in this wretched vale of ſorrow:
But ſad ſentence ſhould have a ſad indyte:
So tearms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning matter men have no delyte,
With rouſty tearms therefore I will now write,

Without inuocation
To Minerua, or the Muses,
Nor yet will I make supplication
For help to Bacchus, or to Calliope,
Such fained toyes may not me supply,
Polymnia, Terpsie, and Apollo,
And right so Clyo, Jupiter, and Juno,

Which been as pleasant Poets confessing:
Wherefore because I am certain of that
I do desire of them no furthering:
For I was never fery in Parnasse,
Nor in the pooles of long time ago:
Nor drank I neuer with Nectabus
Of Helicon the fountain of Eloquence,
Of that noble learned fruitful fountaine:
Wherefore to them I make no reuerence:
I purpose not to make obedience
To misframed spirits of Phantasie,
Before time that I into Poetrie,
Hoping Minerua, Goddesse of deuotion,
Might be to me a Muse right conuenible:
If I desir'd such help for to write,
This mourning matter, sad and miserable.
I must go seeke some more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great God to be my Muse,
By his prudent all wisdom of things were wrought
The high heauens with all their ornaments,
And wisdom made create all things of nought,
And gaue names to the Elements.

That heavenly Muse to seek my wholy mistres,
The which gave mysteries to King Solomon,
To Davids grace, & strength to strong Samson,
And of poor Peter made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie.
Of cruel Paul he made a cunning Teacher;
I wold beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his heavenly Spirits he me inspire,
To write nor sing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Jesus
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin trim:
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
That Prince of peace, most bonevie & meek sweet,
Which vouchsafed to shed his blood
Upon the cross for our salvation.

And by that cruel death intollerable,
Loos'd we were from the bonds of Hell;
[illegible]
That to this hour earns never man no; shal
In the triumphant joy Empirial,
Of life, though they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his precious blood.

Wherefore in stead of the Mount Parnasse,
Swiftly I shal prosecute my Soveraign:
To Mount Calvarie the straight way shal I go,
To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain:
That sourre to seek, mine heart may not refrain
Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
That Longius did grave into his side.

From the fresh fountain sprang a famous flood,
Which revolent over through the world runs,
As christal clear, and mixed is with blonds

Whose sound above the highest heavens dinned,
All faithful people purging from their sins:
Wherefore I first beseech his Excellence,
To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
Which on the Trois did speedily out-spring
From his most tender feet and heavenly hands;
And grant me grace to write or dite nothing,
But to his high honour and laud tending,
Without his help there may no good be wrought,
To his pleasure, good works, word, or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestie,
As thou didst shew thine high power divine,
First plainly into Cane of Galilee,
Where thou convertedst water into wine,
Convoy my matter to a fructuous fine,
And save my sayings both from shame and sin,
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

The end of the Prologue.

A DIALOGUE,

Of the miserable estate of the World, betwixt Experience and the Contemplator.

UP to that Park I saw appear
An aged man that drew me near,
Whose beard was well three quarters long,
His hair did over his shoulders hang,
The which as any snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delight;
His habite Angel-like of hew,
Of colour like the saphyr blew,
Whom I unlothe he replied,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced,
I did him salute reverently,

So did he me right courteously,
To sit down he requested me,
Under the shadow of the tree,
To save me from the sunns heat,
Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,
For I was weary with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I asked his name with reverence.

E. I am, said he, Experience.

C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail,
To give a desolate man counsel:
You do appear a man of fame,
And sith Experience is your name,
I pray you, Father benemble,
Give me some counsel comfortable.

E. What been, said he, thy occasion,
Making such supplication.

C. I have, said I, been to this point,
Since I could ride, a Courtesour:
But now, Father, I think it best,
With your counsel, to live in rest:
And from hence-forth to take mine ease,
And quietly my God to please,
And renounce curiositie,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die.
Oft have I sailed over the strands,
And travelled through diverse lands,
Both South and North, East and West,
Yet can I never find where rest
Doth make his habitation,
Without your supposition,
When I believe to be best eased,
Most suddenly I am displeased:
From trouble when I fullest flie,
Then find I most adversitie.

Show me, I pray you heartily
How I may live most [illegible]
To serve my God & [illegible],
Since I am tyed of [illegible],
And learn for to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent;
That I may thank the King of glore,
As if I had a million in store!
Sith every Court hath variant,
Full of envy, and inconstant;
Might I without grief live in rest,
Now in mine age, I think it best.

E. Thou art a great fool, for, saith he,
That to desire which may not be,
Longing to have that you have
Above all creatures that live;
Sith father Adam create here
Into the great camp Daungere,
Might no man say unto this hour,
That ever he found perfect pleasure;
Nor never shall, till that we see
God in his Divine Majestie;
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith mans life hath but battel.
All men begins for to die,
The day of their nativitie;
And journally they be pricked,
Till Atropos cut off their fatal thread,
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilities,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate,
Seest thou in every mortal state;
Begin as poor low creatures,

Ascending

Ascending then to Senatours,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning generall,
For in our time now mortall,
But restless of mis business,
Without ten any quietness.

C. Prudens father, said I, alace,
You tell to me a careful case:
You say, that no man to this hour,
Hath found on earth no perfect pleasure,
Without ten infortunate torture,
Since we been thral to such mischance:
Why do we set our whole intents
On riches, dignity, and rents,
Sith in the earth been no man sure,
One day wisheit trouble t'endure
And worst of all when we least weten.
The cruel death wil not flatten?
If I your Father-hod out demand,
The cause I would fain understand,
And ebe, Father, I you implore,
Shew me some trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more have patience,
Fellows in tribulation,
Been wretches consolation.

E. Said he: Ales my smal cunning,
To the I shal make answering:
But orderly for to begin,
This misery proceeds of sin,
But it were long to be assured,
How all men are to sin inclined.
When sin abundantly sovereign,
Justly God maketh punishing:

where

¶ Wherefore great God into his hands,
To daunt the world with diverse wands,
After our evil condition,
He makes us no punition:
¶ With hunger, dearth and indigence,
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence;
And sometimes with his bloody wand,
Through civil wars by sea and land.
Concluding: all our misery
Proceeds of sin alonerly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
The cause of this fragilitie,
That we be all to sin inclin'd,
In work and word, and in our mind:
I would the verity were known,
¶ Who hath this seed amongst us sown?
And why we were condemn'd to dead?
And how that we may get remead?

I. Said he; the Scripture hath concluded,
Men from felicity are denuded,
By Adam our progenitour,
Sometime of Paradise possessour:
By whose wail wilful arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance,
When he was disobedient
In breaking Gods commandement,
By solitation of his wife,
He left that heavenly pleasant life,
Eating of the forbidden tree:
There began all our miserie:
To Adam was cause radical,
That we are fragil sinners all.
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sin, death, and eke damnation.
¶ Who will say, that he is no sinner,

Christ

Christ sayeth, he is a great liper,
Mankind sprang from Adams loins,
And took of him flesh, blood and bones:
And so after his quality
Are all inclin'd sinners to be:
But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
For God that all the world hath wrought,
Hath made a soveraign remead,
To save us both from sin and dead,
And from eternal damnation;
Therefore take consolation.
For God, as Scripture doth record,
Having on man mercy good,
Sent down his only Son Jesu,
Which lighted on a virgin true,
And clad his high Divinity
With our poor vile humanity:
Then from our sins, to conclude,
He washt us with his precious blood,
Howbeit through Adam we must die,
Through that Lord we shal raised be,
And every man he shal relieve,
Which in his blood doth firm believe,
And bring us all into his glaze,
The which through Adam been to lore
without that we through lack of faith,
Of his God-head incur the wrath:
But who in Christ firmly believes,
Shal be relieved from all mischiefs.

C. What faith is it that you call firm?
Sir, make me understand that term.

E. Faith without hope and charity,
Availeth not, my son, fair be.

C. What charity is, that would I know.

E. Said he, my son, that shal I show:

First

First lobe thy God aboue all thing,
And thy neighboure without faining.
Do none iniure nor villanie,
But as thou wouldst were done to thee.
Quick Faith without charitable workis
Can neuer be, as write dem Clarkis,
More then the fire hath his nature
Can lack the heat, or Sun lack light.
If Charity into thee tastes,
Thy Faith nor Hope nothing availes,
The Deuil hath faith, and trembles for dreid;
But he lacks hope and is infidel.
Do all the good that may be thought,
Without Charity, availes nought.
Wherefore pray to the Trinitie
For to suppost thy Charitie.
Now haue I shown thee, as I can,
How father Adam the first man,
Wrought in the world sin and sorrow,
And how Christ Jesus our redemer,
Which in the great day of iudgement,
Shal us deliuer from torment,
And bring us to his lasting glore,
Which shal endure for euermore.
But in this world thou getst none,
I make it to thee manifest,
Therefore, my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God set all thy trust,
All things shal turn to the best.

C. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And hes deuly consolation,
Making you supplication,
If I durst put you to such pine,

That

That ye wouldst please for to define,
And make me clearly understand,
How Adam brake the holie commandement,
And how the wight his transgression,
Was punished his offension.

E, Mylon, saith he, wouldst thou take time,
To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the book of Genesis,
That Pistozie thou shalt not miss:
And als sundry cunning Clarks,
Have done reherse into their warks,
Of Adams fall full miraculus,
Ten thousand times better then I,
Can write of that unhappy man:
But I shall do the best I can,
Shortly to show that careful tale,
With the support of Gods grace.

An Exhortation to the Reader, touching the telling of things that are not beautified with Eloquence.

Gentle Reader, have no mind of despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so high matter to write:
But where I miss, I pray thee to amend:
To the unlearn'd I would the cause were known,
Of our most miserable travel and torment,
And how in Earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverse do report cunning Clarks,
In Latine tongue have written sundry books,
Our unlearn'd knows little of their warks,
Were then they do the raving of the rooks:
Wherefore to Taillers, Carriers, and to Ploughmen,
To Jack and Thom my Rime shall be directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it be lacked.
Though every common man be not a Clark,

For

Nor hath no leed except their tongue maternal,
Why shold of God the marbelous heavenly wurch
We bid from them? I think it not fraternal.
The Father of heaven, which was, & is eternal,
To Moses gave the Law on Mount Sinay,
Not into Greek nor Latine, as they say.

He wrote the Law in tables hard of stone,
In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
That the children of Israel every one
Might know the Law, and to the same ensue:
Had he done write in Latine, or in Grew,
It had to them been a strange leeful gle:
We may well know, God wrought all for the best.

Aristocle nor Plato, I trust sure,
Wrote not their Philosophie natural
In Dutch, nor Dene, nor tongue Italiane,
But in their moste proper tongue maternal,
Whose fame and name duth reign perpetual.
Famous Virgile the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero, the flower of Oratrie,

Wrote not in Chaldie language, nor in Grew,
Nor yet into the language Sarzene,
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew,
But in the Romane tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper language, as I ween.
When Romanes reigned Dominatours indeed,
The grnate Latine was their proper leed.

In the meantime when that these bold Romanes
Over all the world had the dominion,
Made Latine schooles, their glaze for to advance,
That their language might be over all comon:
To that intent, by mine opinion,
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
But of fortune always they were not sure.

Of

Of Languages the first diversitie
was made by Gods malediction;
When Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
Those builders got noon other affliction.
Before the time of that punition,
Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
Where now of tongues there be that scarce a twelfth.

Notwithstanding, I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages sanz ure,
That in their youth by diligence labour,
Have learned Latine, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that sort sore I rew,
Wherefore I would all Mohametes fare
For our faith, were into our tongues vulgare.

Christ after his glorious Ascension,
To his Disciples sent his holy Spirite
In tongues of fire, to that intention
That being of all languages replete,
Through all the world with words suere sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shew,
In their own tongue, and deliver from their woe.

Therefore I think a great derision
To hear the Nonnes and Friers night and day
Singing and saying Placebo and Dirige,
Nocunder stonding what they do sing or say
But like as Sarazins or Turkes do pray,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.

Right so children and Ladies of honeure,
Pray in Latine, to them an uncouth lere:
Mabling their Matins, Chantons, their hours,
Their Pater noster, Ave, and their Creed,
It were as pleasant to their spirit inspired,
God have mercy on me, for to sup thus,

As

As for to say, Miserere mei Deus,

Saint Hierome in his proper tongue Romane,
The Law of God exactly he did translate
Out of Hebrew, Greek, and Latine full plain,
which hath been hid from us long time, God wait,
Until this time. But after my conceit
Had Saint Hierome been burnt into Argyle,
In Erse tongue his Books had done compyle.

Prudent Daine had both divine narration,
Touching the diverse Laws of every Land,
Saying, there have been mony evitteration
In the words that long to understand,
Then to pronounce of an hundreth thousand
In Erse language it should not what it means,
I think such pratling is not naught but preams.

Unlearned people on the holy day,
Solemnedly they hear the Gospel sang,
Not knowing what the Priest doth sing or say,
But as a bell were rung they gape and gang,
Yet wants the Priests of piety mickle corage,
Both to the people and themselves to declare
To Latch people, in tongue most commendable.

I would that Psalms, Hymns of the Law
With Latch people were daily sung and said,
Though the text in our vulgar tongue no man know
Of Christ Jesus the Acts and Testament,
And how that we should keep Commandement,
But in our language get us pray and read,
Our Pater noster, Ave, and our Creed.

I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainly could translate,
The needful lessons of this Region,
Then would there not be half so great debate
Amongst the people of the lower state.

If

If every man the verity did know,
We needed not to treat these men of Law.

To do our neighbour wrong we would be wary,
If we did fear the Lawes paine thereto.
There would not be such bralling at the Barre:
Nor men of Law cites to such Royal rent.
To keep the Law, if all men were content,
And each man do, as he would be done to,
The Judges would get little cheing thee.

The Prophet David King of Israel,
Compyl'd the pleasant Psalms of the psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I dare tell:
And Solomon which was his son and heir,
Did make his Book into his tongue vulgare.
Why should not their sayings be to us shewn
In our language? I wold the cause were known.

Let Doctors write their curious questions,
And arguments fown full of sophistrie:
Their Logick, and their high opinions,
Their dark judgements of Astronomie,
Their Medicine, and their Philosophie,
Let Poets show their gorgious engine,
As ever they please, in Greek, or in Latine.

But let us have the Books necessare
To Common-wealth, and our salvation,
Justly translated in our tongue vulgare:
And ere I make you supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none indignation,
Thinking to meddle with so high matter,
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

When God had made the heavens bright,
The Sun and Moon [illegible]
The starry heavens and chrystalline,

And

And by his Sapience divine,
The planets in their circles round,
Moveing about with merry sound
Of whom Phebus was principal
Just in his Line Scripteral
And gave by divine Sapience,
To every star their influence,
With motion continual,
Which do endure perpetual;
And farr hell from the Heavens Empire,
The earth, the water, strand and fire,
He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
All kind of fishes in the seas,
All kind of beasts he did prepare,
With fowles flying in the air.
Thus by his word all things were wrought
Without a material, made of nought;
So by his willfull influence,
All was made pleasant and perfite,
When heaven and earth, and their contents
Were ended, with their ornaments,
Then last of all the Man began
Of moll vile earth to make his span;
Not of the Lilly, nor of the rose,
Nor upper stone, as I suppose,
Neither of gold, nor precious stones,
Of earth he made both blood and bones:
To that intent, God made him thus,
That man should not be glorious;
Nor in himself should nothing see
But matter of humility.
When man was made, as I have told,
God in his face did him behold,
Breathing in him a lively spirit,
When all their parts were compleat,

He made man to his similitude,
Preceiling into quhytnesse:
Dotted with gifts of Nature,
Above all earthly creature:
Then pleasantly did him convoy,
To a Region compleat with joy,
Of all pleasures which bare the price,
And called earthly Paradice:
And brought by divine providence,
All beasts and birds to his presence:
Adam did craftily impone
A special name to every one:
And to all things materiall,
A name he gave in special:
How he them named yet have been kend,
And shal be to the worldis end.
Into that Garden of pleasance,
Two trees grew most to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In midst of that Paradice:
The one was called, the tree of Life,
The other tree began our strife:
The tree to know both good and evil,
Which by perswasion of the Devil,
Began our misery and woe:
But let us go our purpose go.
How God gave Adam strait command,
That tree not to touch with his hand:
All other fruits of Paradice,
He bade him eat at his device,
Saying: If thou eat of this tree,
With double death then shalt thou die:
Therefore I thee command be war,
And from the tree thou stand afar.
Yet Father Adam was alone,

without

Without company of any one.
Then thought the Lord of nature,
To creat to him an helper.
God put in Adam such sopour,
That for to sleep he took pleasure;
And layd him down upon the ground:
Then when Adam was sleeping sound,
He took a rib forth of his side,
Then filled it with flesh and hide,
And made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of forme was never none:
Then to Adam incontinent,
That fair Lady he did present,
Which shortly said, for to conclude,
Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood:
And Virago, he call'd her name,
which is interpreted, Spade of man;
Which Eva afterwards was named,
when for her fault she was defamed.
Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
Saying increase and multiplie:
By this men should leave all their kin,
And with their wives make dwelling,
And for their sake leave father and mother,
And love them best above all other:
For God hath ordained them truely,
To be two soules in one body.
My wit is weak for to invite,
Their heavenly pleasure infinite.
Was never earthly creature,
Since that time had perfect pleasure.
They had puissance Emperial
Above all things material,
As cunning Clarks do conclude.
Adam preferr'd in pulchritude

Past

Most natural, and the fairest Man
That ever was since world began,
Except Christ Jesus Gods own Son.
To whom was no comparison:
And Eve the fairest creatures
That ever was formed by Nature.
Though they were naked as they were made,
No shame either of other had.
What pleasure might a man have more,
Nor have his Lady him before.
So lusty, pleasant, and perfect,
Ready to serve his appetite.
They had none other care, I wise.
But past their time with joy and bliss.
Wild beasts did to them repaire.
So did the fowls of the air,
With noise most angelical,
Making to them mirth musical.
The fishes swimming in the strands,
Were wholly all at their commands.
All creatures with one accord,
Obeyed him as their soveraign Lord.
They suffered neither hear nor cold,
With every pleasure that they would:
And to the death they were not thrall,
And so should we have been all:
For he and his fayre flours
Should have possessed these pleasures,
Then from that joy material,
Gone to the glory imperial.
They had, if I can right describe,
Great joy in all their wits five,
In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
Enduring that delightsome dwelling:
Hearing birds harmonies:

Tasting

Tasting the fruits of diverse trees;
Smelling the balmie dulce odours,
Which did proceed from fragrant flowres,
Seeing so many heavenly hewes
Of blooms breaking on the bewes,
Of touching ewes they pad delite,
Of other beasts soft and white:
Doubtless enduring that pleasure,
They loved each other paramour:
No marvel though that so should be,
Considering this their great beauty,
And God gave them command express
To multiply and to increase,
That their seed and succession,
Might plenish every Nation.
I list not tarry for to declare
All properties of that place preclare,
How herbs and trees grew over green,
And of the temperate air sereen:
How fruits inexticione,
Were alike ripe and revolent:
Nor of the fountains, nor of the floods,
Nor of the flowres pulchritudes:
That matter Clarks do declare,
Wherefore of them I speak no mair.
The Scripture makes no mention
How long they reign'd in that Region.
But I believe the time was short,
As diverse Doctors do report.

The miserable transgression of *Adam*.

FAther, how happened that mischance,
Said I, show me that circumstance:
Declare to me that careful case,
How Adam lost that pleasant place,
From him and his successors.

How

How did proceed transgression?

E. Said he: After my rude engine.
I shal rehearse the cause that ruine
When God the Creator of all
Into the Heaven Imperial,
Did creat all the Angels bright,
He made an Angel most of might,
To whom he gave preheminence
Above the rank in sapience,
Because all others he did pass,
Named he was bright Lucifer,
He was so pleasant and so fair,
He thought himself without compare,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his seat
Into the North, and make debate
Contrare the Majesty divine,
Which was the cause of his ruine:
For he incurred Gods yre,
And banisht from the heavens Empire,
With Angels many legion,
Which were of his opinion,
Innumerable with him there fell;
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repair:
Some in the earth, some in the air.
That most unhappy company,
At Father Adam had envy,
Perceiving Adam and his seed,
Into their places to succeed:
The serpent was the subtilest
Above all beasts, and craftiest:
Then Sathan with a false intent,
Did enter into the serpent,

Imagining some crafty wile,
How he might Adam best beguile,
And caus'd him break commandement:
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtilly pid her assail:
With facund words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance.
What been the cause, Madam, said he,
That ye forbear yon pleasant Tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath given us liberty
To eat of every fruit and tree,
Which grows into Paradise,
Break we command, we are not wise.
He gave to us a strait command,
That Tree not to touch with our hand.
Eat we of it, without remead,
She said, doubtless we shal be dead.
Believe not that, said the serpent,
Eat you of it, incontinent:
Repleat you shal be with science,
And have perfect intelligence,
Like God himself, of evil and good.
Then hastily, for to conclude,
Hearing of this prerogative,
She pulled down the fruit believe,
Through counsel of this false serpent:
And ate of this incontinent,
And put her husband in believe,

That

That pleasant fruit if he would preeve,
That he should be as sapient,
As the great God Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleasant thing,
That we like God should ever reign?
He hearing this narration,
And by her solitiation,
Moved by prideful ambition,
He ate on that condition.
The principal points of this offence,
Was pride and inobedience:
Desiring for to be equal
To God the Creator of all.
Alace, Adam, why didst thou so?
Why causedst thou this mortal wo?
Hadst thou been constant, firme and stable,
Thy glore had been incomparable.
Where was thy consideration,
Who hadst the domination
Of every living creature,
That God hath formed by nature,
To use them at thine own devise?
wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
Was never man since thou on live,
That God gave such prerogative.
He gave thee strength above Samson,
And sapience more then Solomon.
Young Absolon in his time most fair,
To thy beauty was no compare.
Aristotle thou didst precel,
Into Philosophie natural.
Virgil into his Poetrie,
Nor Cicero in his Oratry,
were never half so eloquent.
Why brake thou Gods commandement?

Where was thy wit that wouldst not see
Far from the presence of that tree?
Gave not thy Pastor thee free-will,
To take the good, and leave the ill?
How might thy forfault be prevented,
That Gods commandment refused,
Through thy wives perswasion,
Which hath been the occasion?
Since that time many Noble-men,
By the subtilty of women,
Have altogether destroyed been,
As in the History may be seen,
Which now we need not to declare;
But to our purpose let us fare.
When they had eaten of the fruit;
O joy then were they destitute!
Then gan they both for to think shame,
And to be naked through defame,
And made them breeks of leaves green,
That their secrets should not be seen:
But in the estate of innocence,
They had no such experience:
But when to sin they were subjected,
To shame and sin they were coated.
And in a bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lord his voice:
Which called Adam by his name.
Said he: O Lord, I think great shame,
Naked to come in thy presence.
Thou hadst no such experience,
Said God, when thou wast innocent:
Why brake thou my commandment?
Alace, said Adam to the Lord,
The verity I shal record:
This woman that thou gave to me,

Caused

Caus'd me eat of yon pleasant tree,
Right so the woman her excused,
And said: The serpent me abused.
Then to the serpent, God said thus:
O thou deceiver Beelzebub,
Because the woman thou begunn'd,
From henceforth shalt thou be accurs'd:
Cursed and wearied shalt thou be,
So shal thy seed be after thee.
Cold earth shal be thy food also,
And creeping on thy breast shalt go:
And I shal put enmity
Between the woman ever and thee:
Between thy seed and woman seed
Shal be continuall mortal feed:
Howbeit thou shalt wrought their mischief deep,
It shal not be as thou beseechest,
Such seed shal be in woman sown,
That thy power shal be quite thrown
Treading thine head that thou mayst feel,
And thou shalt tread him on the heel.
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculate Virgin
Should bear the Prince Omnipotent,
Which should tread down the false serpent,
Satan and all his company,
And them confound all utterly.

C. Said I: If Satan Prince of hell
Spake in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beasts can no wrong at all,
Why was the serpent made to thrall?
I hear men say, before that hour,
The serpent had a fair figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all complete:

As other beasts upon the bent.

E. Said he, for he was instrument
To Sathan in his misserie,
Punisht he was, as you may se.
As by experience thou mayst knaw,
Expreis into the common Law:
A man convict of buggerie,
The beast is burnt as well as he,
Notwheit the beast be innocent;
And so befel of this serpent.
It was the Fiend full of despite,
Of Adams fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our purpose let us go.

Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou hadst before to,
Shal changes be in lasting sorrow.
Where thou shouldest be with mirth & joy,
Thou bore thy birth without annoy;
Now all thy children thou shalt bear
With dolour and continual care:
And thou shalt be, for aught thou can,
Ever subiect unto the man.
By this sentence God did conclude,
Woman from liberty denude:
When by experience you may se
How Queens of most high degree,
Are under most subiection,
And suffers most correction:
For they like birds into a cage,
Are keeped aye under thirlage.
So all women in their degree,
Should to their men subiected be:
Notwheit some will strive for mate,

And

And for the Mastery make debate;
Which if they lack both even and marrow,
Their men shal suffer meikle sorrow:
Of Eve they take that quality,
To desire soveraignity.
And then to Adam saith the Lord:
Because that thou hast done accord
Thy will, and bear kned to thy wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life:
Thou wast to her obedient,
But thou brake my commandement:
Cursed and barren the earth shal be,
Where ever thou got st, till that thou die:
But thistle, nettle, brier and thorn,
Without labour shal bear no corn:
For food thou gettest none other bield,
But eat the herbs upon the field:
Sore labouring till thy brows sweat:
From henceforth shalt thou win thy meat,
I made thee of the earth certain,
And thou to earth shalt turn again.
Then made he them abullement
Of skins and ragged rayment.
Them to preserve from heat and cold:
Then grew their dolour manifold.
Now Adam, ye are like to us.
With your gay garment glorious,
To them these words said the Lord.
Then cryed they both: Misericord,
When from that earth with hearts sore
Banished they were for evermore.
Into this wretched vale of sorrow,
With daily labour even and marrow.
After whose dolorous departing,
The Lord gave Paradise in keeping.

Unto the Angel Cherubin,
That none should have entry therein:
At the which entry he did stand,
With flaming fiery sword in hand,
To keep that Adam and his wife
Should not taste of the tree of life:
For if they of the tree had proved,
Perpetually they might have lived.
So Adam, and his succession,
Of Paradise lost possession.
And by his sin original,
Were men of misery made thrall.
Thy self, now mayst thou clearly see,
This world began with misery:
With misery it doth proceed,
Whose end shall be and dead.

C. Father, said I, what kind of life
Led Adam with his lusty wife,
After his bashful banishing?

E. Said he: Continual lamenting.
Mine heart hurt yet compassion,
How they went wandring up & down,
Weeping with many loud, pitiful sound,
That they having that pleasant place,
In wilderness to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but beasts wild,
Menacing them for to devour,
Which all obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what Countrie
Did Adam live, after that he
Was banished from that delice?

E. The Clerks, said he, have put in writ
How Adam dwelt with meekle strife,
In Mamre, in that lusty vale,
Which after was the Jewish land,

where

Where yet his sepulchre both stand.
I will not tarry to write
The woe of Adam and his wife.
Nor how that they had sonnes two,
Kain and Abel, and no mo:
Nor how curst Kain for envy,
Did slay his brother cruelly:
Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
When they sonlesse were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the grounde:
Curst Kain seem'd an vagabonde:
Now how God of his special grace,
Sent them the third son fair of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
Seth was his name, gracious and good.
And how blind Lameth ruthlessly,
Did slay Kain unhappily,
Adam, as Clerks do describe,
Begat with Eve his woful wife,
Of men children, thirty and two,
And of daughters as the also:
By this thou mayst well understande,
That Adam saw many a thousande,
That of his body did descende,
Ere he out of the worlde did wende.
Adam lived in earth but nine,
Compleat nine hundreth & thirty yeare:
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Remembring both even and morrow,
Of Paradise the prosperity,
And then of his great misery:
His heart might never be rejoyced,
Remembring how the heavens was closed
From him and his successione,
And that by his transgression.

After his death, as I heard tell,
His ſoul deſcended to the Hell.
And there remained priſoner
In that dungeon three thouſand yeer,
And more. So did both evil and good,
Till Chriſt for them had ſhed his blood:
Then by that moſt precious ranſom,
They were all deliver'd out of priſon.
I have declared now, as I can,
The miſery of the firſt Man.

* This was an erroneous opinion holde at that time

How GOD deſtroyed all living creatures in earth for ſin, and drowned them by a terrible Flood, in the time of Noe.

PRudent Father, experience,
Declare unto me, pray you hence,
What was the cauſe God did deſtroy
All creatures in the time of Noy?

E. Sith he, I tremble for to tell
That infortune how it befell:
The cauſe hath ſo abominable,
And the matter ſo miſerable,
But for to ſhew the circumſtance
Manifeſtly of that miſchance:
Firſt, [illegible] underſtand,
[illegible] command
[illegible] blood,
[illegible] and good,
[illegible] Kains kill,
[illegible] all to ſin.
[illegible] commandement,
Kain paſſed [illegible],
with his wife called Calmana,
Which was his own ſiſter all ſins:
where his off-ſpring did long remain,
Hard by the Mountain of Taglane.

And

And Seth did long time lead his life
With Delbora his prudent wife,
Which was his sister good and fair,
In Damascen made their repair.
In that Countrey of Sechacian,
Descended many holy man.
So long as Adam was in bands,
The people did obserue command:
When he was dead, and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound:
And Kain slain, as I haue shown,
And Seths dayes all ouer-blown.
The sons then of Seths blood,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
Of the Ladies of Kains kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was sin,
Oppressed with sensual lusts rage,
Did take them into marriage:
And so corrupted was that blood:
The good with euil, and euil with good.
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickednesse,
As holy Scripture doth rehearse,
Which I abhor to put in verse.
Or tell with tongue, I am not able,
The sooth been so abominable.
How men and women [illegible]
Abus'd themselues in [illegible]
Whose foul abomination,
And filthie fornication,
I think great shame to put in write,
Euen as Paul Orose doth indite.
And if I would at length discuss,
It were enough to fill the [illegible]
Great Clerks of antiquities,

Haue written many true Stories,
Which are worthy to be remembred,
Howbeit they be not comprehended
At length in the Diuine Scripture:
But I shal do my diligẽt care,
To take the best, as I suppose,
That most pertains to my purpose:
And with support of Christ our King,
I purpose to confirme nothing
Of the old Historiance,
Contrarious to his Excellence:
Howbeit that mens traditions
Be contrary Christs institutions.
Of them though something I declare,
Now let us proceed further mare:
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, this cause would I know,
Why they of nature brake the Law?

E. I trust, said he, that wickednes
Entred through loathful idelnes.
The Deuil with all the craft he can,
When he perceiues an idle man,
Or woman, giuen to idelnes,
He getteth easily entres:
And so by this occasion,
And the fiends persuasion,
The whole world universally,
Corrupted was all utterly.

C. What was the cause they idle were,
That cause, said I, to me declare?

E. Said he: By mine imagination,
For lack of vertuous occupation:
For of crafts they had small vsage,
Of merchandise, or labourage:

The

The Earth was then so plenteous
Of fruit and spice bellefous:
The Herbs were so comfortable,
Delightsome and mervelnable:
The fountains fresh and redolent,
To labouring they took little tent.
All manner of beasts of their pleasure,
Did multiply without labour.
The time between Adam and Noy,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with precious trees of price:
Four famous floods of Paradise,
Ran through the earth in sundry parts,
Spreading their branches in all airts.
The water was so strong and fine,
They would not labour to find wine,
The fruit and herbs were so good,
They made no care for other food:
And so the people took no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure,
Aye finding new inventions,
To fulfil their intentions:
And so the Lord Omnipotent,
That he made man did him repent:
And shew unto his servant Noy,
That he would all the world destroy,
Except himself, and his menzie.
Alace, said Noe, when shal that be?
Then said the Lord: Sith that thou speirs,
I shal prolong for score of years,
Tarrying upon their repentance,
Ere I fulfil my full sentence:
In the mean time fall thou to work
Incontinent, and build an Ark:
Which Noe began obediently.

And

And wrought on it continually,
And to the people dayly preached,
To cry for grace he to them teached:
And to them plainly did declare,
That God his rod no more would spare,
But on them he would work vengeance.
To Noe yet gave they no credence,
And so they were incounsellable,
Using their lust abominable:
And took his preaching in despite,
Ay following their foul delite,
More and more to that doleful day,
Which all the world put in affray.

C. Father, you made me understand,
When Adam brake the Lords command,
To augment his affliction,
God gave his malediction
Unto the earth which was so fair,
That it should barren be and bare,
And without labour bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, brier and thorn.
Now say you in the time of Noy,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with fruits good and fair,
The sooth of this to me declare.
These sayings two make me confuser,
How you make them agree together?

I. God made his promise sickerly,
Howbeit it came not instantly,
Said he, as Clerks do conclude:
But after when the furious Flood
Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
Then came that promise sickerly,
Even as God did give command,
Adam should not touch with his hand.

For

Nor eat of the forbidden tree;
If he did so, that he should die;
Nowbeit he died not, but were
After that day nine hundreth year.
Right so the Prophet Elias,
Speaking of Christ the great Messias.
Saying: The Child is to be born,
To save mankind that is forlorn:
If he had been born instantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that saying many a year,
As in the Scripture thou mayst hear.
A thousand year, who reckons right,
Is as an hour in Gods sight.
Examples many I might tell,
were it not tedious for to dwel.
To our purpose let us proceed,
Showing the hight, the length & breed,
And quantity of Noes Ark,
Which was a right excellent work,
Of pyne-tree made, bound well about,
Laid over with pick within and out,
Joyned full close with nailes strong.
And was three hundreth cubits long:
Fifty in breadth, thirty in hight:
Three chambers joyned well & wight,
And every lost above another,
Without an anker, bar, or ruther.
A right cubit, as I hear tell,
Of measure now might be an ell,
In the mid-side a door there was,
For beasts a full easie entress.
This Ark which was both long & large,
Made in the bottome like a barge,
Covered with boords well above,

For

Most like an house set on a rode,
Whose rigging was one cubit bread,
Wherein there was a window made:
Some sayes, well cloied with chrystal clear,
Where-through the day-light might appear.
This work the more was to be praised,
Because by God it was devised.
The making of this Ark but wear,
Indured well an hundreth yeare.
When Noe had ended this warke,
God did him close within the Arke,
with his wife and sons three,
With their wives, and no more mo yse.
Of all fowles of the aire,
Of every kind entred a paire:
Right so two beasts of every kind:
For why? It was the Lords mind,
That generation should not fail:
Wherefore of female and of male,
Of every kind were keped two.
But to rehearse mine heart is wo,
The dolent lamentation,
That time of every Nation,
Saying: Alace, a thousand syte,
When wind and rain began to rise.
The rocks with fire began to ryve,
The ugly clouds did over-drive,
And darkned so the heavens bright,
That Sun and Mon might show no light:
The terrible trembling of earth-quake,
Made buildings bow, and Cities shake.
The thunder rent the clouds stable,
With fearful noise inevitable.
The fire-flaughts flew over-through the fels,
Then was there not but shouts and yels,

when

When they perceived without remead,
All creatures for to suffer dead,
All fountains from the earth up sprang,
And from the heaven the rain down dang
Fourty dayes and fourty nights:
Then ran the people to the highes:
Some climbs on hills, some climbs on trees,
Some to the highest mountains flees,
With maze terrour then I can tell;
But all for nought, the flods down fell.
And wind did rant with such a rage,
That every wight wearied his wage,
Crying: Alace, that they were born,
Into the flod to be forlorn.
Men might make none to their wives,
Nor yet support the childrens lives.
The flods raise up with such great might,
That they obey'd obeyed all the highest hight.
They might nawayes their lives length,
But swim'd so long as they had strength.
And so with pepes lamentable,
Ended their lives miserable.
Above mountains that were most high,
Fifty cubits did rise the sea,
Men may imaging in their mind,
All creatures in their kind,
Both beasts and fowles of the aire,
In these mannors must needs dispaire.
The fishes thought themselves beguil'd,
When they swimm'd through the woods wild.
The whales tumbling among st the trees,
Wild beasts swimming in the seas:
Birds with many a pitcous pew,
Afraidly in the aire they flew,
So long as they had strength to flie.

Then

Then shattered down into the sea.
Nothing on earth was left on life,
Beasts, nor fowles, man, nor wife:
For wholly God did them destroy,
Except them in the Ark with Noy;
The which lay fleeting in the Flood,
waltring amongst the streams wood,
with many terrible affrayes,
Remained an hundreth and fifty dayes.
In great languor and heavinesse,
Ere wind or rain began to cease.
Sometimes vehemently praying,
Sometimes the beasts dispying:
For by the Lords commandement,
He made provision sufficient.
For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
A year compleat ere he came out.
How at more length in holy writ,
This doleful History been indite.
And how that Noe gan to espyes,
when conduits of the heavens did close,
So that the rain no more descended,
Nor yet the Floods no more ascended:
When he perceived the heavens clear,
He sent a raven forth messenger,
Into the air for to espy,
If he saw any mountains dry:
Some sayes, the raven did forth remain,
And came not to the Ark again.
Forth flew the dove at Noes command:
And when she did perceive dry land,
Of an olive she brake a branch,
That Noe might know the Flood did stanch:
And there no more she did sojourn,
But with the branch she did return.

That

That Noe might clearly understand,
That fellon Flood was decreasand.
And so it did, till at the last,
The Ark upon the ground stake fast,
On the top of a Mountain hie,
Into the land of Armenie.
And when Noe had done espy,
How that the earth began to dry,
Then threw he down the doors all,
And lowsed them the which were thrall.
The fowls flew forth into the air,
And all the beasts by pair and pair,
Past forth to seek their pasturages.
There were none but eight personages,
Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
On earth that was left with their lives,
Whom God did bless and sanctifie,
Saying: Increase, and multiplie.
God wot if Noe was blyth and glad.
When of that prison he was fred.
When Noe had made his sacrifice,
Thanking God of his benefice,
He standing on Mount Armenie,
Where he the Countrey might espy:
We may beleeve by his heart was soze,
Seeing the earth which was before
The Flood, so pleasant and perfite,
Which to behold was great delite,
That now was barren made and bare,
Before which fructuous was and fair:
The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
Were lying pull'd up by the roots.
The wholsome herbs, and fragrant flowres,
Had lost both vertue and colours.
The fields green, and flowrisht meads,

were

Where spoken of their pleasant woods,
The Earth which first was so fair formed,
was by the furious flood deformed.
Where sometime were the pleasant plains,
Were stepp coves and hie mountains?
From sounding rocks great and gay,
The earth washen clean away.
But Noe had greatest displeasures,
Beholding the dead creatures,
Which was a sight lamentable:
Men, women, beasts innumerable,
Seeing them lying upon the lands,
And some were seeting upon the strands:
whales and monsters of the seas,
Sticked on staves amongst the trees.
And where the flood was decreased,
They were left wattering on the land.
Before the Flood during that space,
The Sea was all into one place:
Right so the earth, as been described,
In sundry parts was not divided,
As been Europa and Asia,
Divided ay from Affrica.
You see now divers famous Iles,
Standing from land right many miles;
All these great Iles, I understand,
Were then equal with the firm land.
There was no sea Mediterran,
But only the great Ocean,
Which did not spread such hurling strands,
As it doth now over through the lands.
Then by the raging of that Flood,
The earth from Persia was rended,
The which before was to be praised,
Whose beauty then was disgraised.

Then

Then was the malediction knowen,
Which was by God to Adam shewen,
I hear now Cierke so concluse,
Indureing that most furious Flood,
With which the earth was sore oppress,
The wind blew south of the South-west,
As may be seen by experience,
How through the waters violence,
The high mountains on every airt,
Are bare forenent the Southwest part,
As the mountains of Pireneis,
The Alpes, and rocks in the seas;
Right so the rocks great and gay
Which standeth into Norroway:
The highest hills in every airt,
And in Scotland for the most part,
Through watering of that furious Flood,
The hills of earth were maid denud,
Travelling men may consider well,
The mountains bare nerr the South-west.

C. Declare, said I, ere you conclude,
How long lived Noe after the Flood?

E. Said he: In Genesis thou mayst hear
How that Noe was six hundreth year,
The time of this great punishment,
And aye to God obedient:
And was the best of Seths blood:
And more, he lived after the Flood,
Three hundreth and fifty years,
As holy Scripture witness bears;
And was ere he rendred his spirit,
Nine hundreth and fifty years compleat.
To show this Storie miserable,
At length, my wits are not able.
And more, my son, as I suppose,

It

It belongs not to our purpose.
To show how Noes sons three
Can to increase and multiplie.
Nor how Noe planted the vine,
And drank till he was drunken fine,
And sleeped with his members bare,
And how Cham made for him no care,
But laught to see his father so,
Howbeit his brethren were right wo.
Nor how Noe but restriction,
Gave Cham his malediction,
And put him under servitude,
To Shem and Japhet that were good.
Nor how God made a Covenant
With Noe, to make no punishment,
Nor by the floods no people drown:
In sign of that condition,
His rain-bow set into the air,
Of diverse heavenly colours fair,
For to be a perpetual sign,
By Flood to send no punishing,
This History if thou list to know,
At length the Bible shall thee show.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of *Babylon* by *Nimrod*: And how King *Ninus* began the first Monarchie of their idolatry: And how *Semiramis* governed the Empire after her husband King *Ninus*.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
The first misfortune that befell,
Immediatly after the Flood:
And who did first shed guiltless blood,
And how Idolatrie began?

E. Said he: I shal do as I can:
After the Flood, I find no story
Worthy to be put in memory,
Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
Above the people as a King;
Which was the principal man of one,
That builder was of Babylon.

C. That story, Master, would I know,
Said he: If thou the sooth wouldst show:
Why: and for what occasion,
They builded such a strong dungeon?

E. Then said to me Experience,
I shal declare with diligence,
These questions at thy command:
But first, Son, thou must understand
Of Nimrod the Genealogie,
His strength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit Moses in his first Book,
That story lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong Hunter.
But other Clerks curious,
As Orose, and doth Josephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature, and his strength.
This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending down.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the sooth been thus.
This Nimrod a man of might,
That time on earth was none so wight:
He was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wild beasts he down thrung:
The people of that Region,
Came under his Dominion.

No man there was in all that land,
His stalwarones that durst gainstand
No marvel was though he was wighe,
Ten cubits large he was of hyghe,
Proportionate of length and bounde,
Conform unto his heighe, we reade.
He grew so great and glorious,
So prideful and presumptuous,
That he came inobedient,
To the great God Omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principal man
That first Idolatry began,
Then caused he all the people call
To his presence both great and small,
And in that great convention,
Did propone his intention:
My friends, said he, I make it known
The great vengeance that God hath shown
In time of our fore-father Noy,
When he did all the world destroy,
And drowned them in furious flood;
Wherefore I think we should conclude,
How we should make a strong defence
Against the waters violence,
For to resist his furious pye,
Contrary both to flood and fire:
Let us go spy some pleasant field,
Where a strong building we may bield:
[illegible] with a strong Dungeon,
[illegible] none ingine may beat it down:
So high to thick, so large, so long,
That God to us shal do no wrong.
It shal surmount the Planets seven,
That we from God may win the heaven.
These people with a firm intent,

All

All to his counsel did consent,
And did espy a pleasant place
Hard on the flood of Euphrates.
The people then did there repare
Into the plain field Shinare,
which now of Chaldie bears the name,
which did so long time flourish fame.
That great Fortress then did they found,
And searcht it till they found sure ground,
And fell to work both man and child:
Some found out clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimrod that curteous Champion,
Deviser was of that Dungeon:
Nothing they spared their labours,
Like busie bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June.
Some under wrought, and some above:
with strong ingenious masonry,
Upward that work did fortifie,
With burnt tyl-stones, large and bright,
That tower they raised to such hight,
Above the ayrs region,
And joyned of strong fashion,
With syment made of pick and tar,
They used none other mortar.
Though fire and water assailed,
Contrare that Dungeon nought availed.
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rose like an high Mountain.
These foolish people did intend,
That to the heavens it should ascend.
So great a strength was never seen
Into the world with mens een:
And the walls of that work they made
Two and fifty fathom bread:

On them, as some men sayes,
Might be two fathoms in our dayes:
One man was then of more stature,
Then two are now, of that be sure.
Josephus holds opinion,
Saying, the hight of that dungeon,
Of large paces of measure been,
Five thousand eight score & fourteen;
By this reckoning it is full right,
Five myles and an half of hight.
A thousand pace take for a myle,
And thou shalt find it near that style:
This Tower in compasse round about,
Were myles ten without doubt.
About the City of Scadies,
Four hundreth and four score I wis,
And by this number of compasse,
About three score of miles it was:
And as Orosius reports,
There was five score of Brasen Ports.
The translator of Orosius,
Into his Chronicle writs thus;
That when the Sun is at the hight,
At noon when it doth shine most bright,
The shadow of that hideous strength,
Six myles and more it was of length:
Thus may you judge into your thought,
If Babylon be high or nought.

How God made the diversity of Languages, and made impediment to the building of *Babylon*.

When the great God Omnipotent,
To whom all things been present,
That was and is and ever shall be,
Are present to his Majesty.
The very secrets of mans heart,

From

From his presence may not depart:
He seeing the ambition
And the pryde full presumption,
How these proud people did pretend
Up through the heavens to ascend,
Which was great folly to devise
Such a presumptuous enterprise:
For when they were most diligent
God made them such impediment,
They were constrained with heast forse,
From hence to go and build no more.
Such Languages on them he laid,
That none knew what another said.
Where was but one Language before,
God sent them Languages three score.
At that time all did speak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Grew,
Some did speak Dutch, some Sarasine,
And some began to speak Latine:
The Patterners were almost wilde,
Crying for trees they brought them tylde;
Some said, bring mortar here at once,
Then brought they to them stocks and stones.
Then Nimrod their great Champion,
Ran raging like a wilde Lyon,
Menacing them with words most rude,
But never a word they understood.
Before they found him good and kind,
But now they thought him by his mind:
Who [illegible] furiously did flyte,
Then turned his pryde into despite.
Full darke eclipsed was his glore,
When they would worke for him no more.
Behold how God was gracious
To them that was outragious

Ye neither bzake their legges nor armes,
Noz did to them no other harmes,
Except of tongues diuision:
And foz a final conclusion,
Constrained they were foz to depart,
Each company in sundry arte.
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident,
Some South, some North, as they thought best,
And so theyr policie left waste.
But how that they were repared,
Hereafter it shal be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How Nimrod compelled the people to adore the fire in Chaldea.

NOw Sir, said I, shew me the man
Which first Idolatry began.

E. That shal I do with all mine heart,
My Son, said he, ere we departe.
When Nimrod had his purpose fulfilled,
And his great labour wrought a wylde,
In manner of encreasyon,
Departed forth of that Region:
And as Orosius doth recorde,
He past into the land of Perse,
And many a yeare did there remain,
And then to Babylon came again,
And found yonge people of Chaldie
Remaining in that great Citie,
That was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their king.
Nimrod his name foz to aduance,
Amongst them made he ordinance,
Saying: I think you are not wise,
That to no God make sacrifice.

Then

Then to fulfil their false desire,
He caus'd be made a flaming fire;
And made it of such breadth and height,
He caus'd it burn both day and night:
Then all the people of that land,
Ador'd the fire at his command.
Prostrate on knees and on faces,
Beseeching their new God of graces,
To give them more or cause,
He made them great persuasion:
This God, said he, is most of might,
Showing his beames in the night:
When Sun and Moon are both obscure,
His heavenly brightnes both endure.
When mens members suffer cold,
Fire warmeth them then as they would.
Then cryed the people at his desire,
There is no God, except the fire.

Ere there was any Imagerie,
Began this first Idolatrie:
At that time there was no usage
To carve, or for to paint Images:
Then made he proclamation,
Who made not adoration
To that new God, without remead
Into that fire should suffer dead.
I find no man into that land,
His tyranny that durst withstand,
But Abram and Aram his brother,
That disobeyed, I find none other.
Which dwelling was in that Countrie,
With their father, called Thare.
The brethren blamed his requests,
Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
This fire is but an Element,

Pray you to God Omnipotent,
Which made the heaven by his might,
Sun, Moon and Stars for to give light;
He made the Fishes in the Seas,
The earth with Beasts, Herbs & Trees:
At last of all for to conclude,
He made man to his similitude.
To that great God give praise and glory
Whose reign endures for evermore.

When Nimrod in his furious fyre,
These Brethren both cast in the fire;
Abram by God he was preserved,
But Aran in the fire was starved.
When Thare heard his son was dead,
He did depart out of that stead,
With Abram, Nachor and their wives,
As the Scripture at length describes,
And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia.
And dwelt in Charan all his days,
And died there as the story says;
The life of Abram, as I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose;
Into the Bible thou mayest read
His vertuous life, word and deed.
Now have I shewen thee the man
That first Idolatry began.

Of the great misery and dark clue comen of mans Warre, and how King Ninus began the first mans Warres, and strake the first Battell.

FAther I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,
Who first began their mortall warres,
which every faithfull heart so shames,
And every policy detests themselves,

Expresse

Erpreſſe againſt the Lords lawes.
Since Chriſt our King Omnipotent,
Left peace into his Teſtament:
How doth proceed this cruelty,
Againſt Juſtice and Equity?
In land where ever war hath been,
Great miſery there may be ſeen.
All things on earth that God hath wrought,
Warres do deſtroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many ſtrong Dungeon
Are burnt, and to the earth thrown down.
Virgins and Matrons are deflowred.
Temples that richly were decored
Are burnt, and all their Priests ſpoyled,
Por Orphants under feet foyled:
Many old man made Childrens ſcorne,
And many Children Fatherleſſe.
Of famous Schools the doctrine,
Both naturall ſcience and divine
And every vertue troden down.
No reverence done to Religion.
Strengths deſtroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced ſhamefully,
Young widows ſpoiled of their ſpouſes,
Por Labourers driven from their houſes.
There dare no Merchand take in hand
To travell either by Sea or Land.
For Butchers that do them confound,
Some murthered been, and ſome are driven:
And craftesmen of good engyne,
Are altogether brought to ruine:
The Beſtial reſt, the Commons ſlain,
The Land without labouring doth remain.
Of policie the perfect markes,
Buildings, Gardens, pleaſant Parkes:

Have

Have altogether destroyed bain.
Great granges burnt there may be seen:
Riches is turn'd to poverty,
And plenty into penury.
Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend,
Of war this is the fatal end.
Justice turned into tyranny,
All pleasure in adversity.
The wars all utterly doing thrawes,
Both the civil and common lawes.
War gendets murther and mischief,
Sore lamenting without relief.
Wars do destroy Realms and Kings:
Great Princes war to prison brings.
War doth shed unable guiltless blood.
Since I can say of wars no good,
Declare to me, Sir, if ye can,
Who first this misery began.

A short description of the four Monarchies: And how King Ninus began his Monarchie.

Of war, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age.
By cruel, prideful, covetous Kings:
Reavers buterright of others Reigns:
Howbeit Nimrod before the Flood,
Was first shedder of guiltless blood.
Ninus was first and principal man,
which sinistrous conquest began:
And was the man without contrasail,
In earth which strake the first battel,
And first invented Imagery,
Wherethrough came great Idolatry.
We must know, ere we further wend,
Of whom King Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,

De

He was from Noe the fifth by line.
Noe gat Cham, Cham he gat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus, but in time
Of Assyria the second king,
And builder of that great City
The which is called Nineve
And was the first and principal man,
Which the first Monarchie began.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
What signifies a Monarchie?

E. The soth, said he, son, if thou list,
Monarchie is a realme of estate,
As when a Province principal,
Had whole power imperiall,
During their Magistratians,
Above all Kings and Parians,
A Monarchie that men do call,
Of whom I find four principal
Which hath reigned since the world began.

C. Then, said I, Father, if you can,
Which four are they? Shew me, I pray you.

E. My son, said he, that shall I shew you.
First reigned King of Assirians
Secondly reigned the King of Persians
The Greeks thirdly with sword and fire,
Perforce obtained the third Empire.
The fourth Monarchie, as I hear,
The Romans kept by many a year.
Let us speak of Ninus King,
How he began his conquesting.
The old Greek Historian
Diodorus, he writes plain,
At right great length of Ninus King,
Of his Empire and conquesting.

And of Semiramus his wife,
That time the lustiest on life,
It were too long to put in bookes,
Which Diodore doth invele:
But I shall show, as I suppose,
Which most belongs to our purpose,
When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
Out of this wretched world was gone,
And his son Belus reard a throne,
The first King of Assyria:
This Ninus which was second King,
Let unto princely began to reign,
And was not pleased nor content
Of his own region nor rent:
Thinking his glory for to advance,
By his great people and puissance,
Through pride, covetise and vain glory,
Did him prepare to conquests more,
And gathered forth a great strength,
Contrare Babylon and Chaldy,
Wherefore he had ardent desire
To wyn that land to his Empire,
Howbeit he had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and might:
Without cause of Gods or man;
His conquesting he thus began.
His people being in array,
To Caldea took his ready way,
When that the Babylonians,
Together with Caldeans,
Heard tell King Ninus was coming,
Made proclamation through the land,
That each man after his degree,
Should come and save his own country:
Though that they had no use of war,

Without all fear they paſt forward,
And put themſelves in good order
To meet King Ninus on the border.
In that time ye may underſtand
There was no Harneſſe in the Land.
For to defend or yet in dede,
Whereby more ſlaughter there was made;
They fought through ſtrength of bodies:
With gads of yron, with ſtones and trees,
With ſound of horn, and hideous cry.
They ruſhed together right rudely,
With hardy heart and ſtrength of hands,
Till thouſands lay dead on the Lands.
Where men in battel naked bern,
Great ſlaughter ſoon there may be ſeen.
They fought ſo long and cruelly,
And with uncertain victory:
No man might judge that ſtood on far,
Who got the better or the warr.
But when it did approach the night,
The Caldeans they took the flight:
Then the King and his company
Were right glade of the victory.
Becauſe he wan the firſt battell
That ſtricken was on Earth but fail,
And peaceably of that Region,
Did take the whole Dominion.
Then was he King of Caldia,
As well as of Aſſyria.
As for the King of Arabie,
In his conqueſt made him ſupply:
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the Realm of Mede he went:
Where Fernus King of that Country,
Did meet him with a great Army.

But King Ninus the hardest wast,
Where slain was many noble man:
And to the King would give no grace,
But plainly in a publick place,
With his seven sons and his Ladie,
Cruelly did them crucifie.
Of that triumph he did rejoice,
Then fastened to the field he goes:
Then conquest he Armenia,
Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia:
Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauriane,
Calpis, Phrygia, and Hircane:
All Africa, and Asia,
Except great Inde and Bactria;
All which he did conquish afterward,
As you shal hear ere I depart.
Now would I, ere I further passe,
That this Jdolatry were ceast:
Then after that without lesonne,
To our purpose I shal return.

How King *Ninus* invented the first Idolatrie, or worshipping of Images.

NInus an Jmage he caus'd make,
For King Belus his fathers sake,
Most like his father of figure,
Of quantity and portraicture:
Of fine gold was that figure made,
A crafty Crown upon his head,
With precious stones, in esteeming
His father Belus was a King.
In Babylon he a Temple made
Of crafty work, both high and broad,
Wherein that Jmage gloriously
Was throned up triumphantly.
Then Ninus gave a straict command,

To all the people of that land.
As well into Assyria
As in Shinar and Chaldea
Under his domination.
They should make adoration.
Upon their knees to that figure,
Under the pain of forfaiture.
There was no Lord in all that land.
His summanding that durst gainstand:
Then young and old, both great and small,
To that Image they payed all
And changed his name, as I heard tell,
From Belus to that great God Bell.
In that Temple he bedded
That Priests should make their sacrifice:
By that consent then came a Lad.
None other Gan that they would have.
Also he gave to that Image
Of Sanctuary the priuiledge:
For whatsoe ber a transgressour,
An homicide, or oppressour.
Seeing that Image in the face,
Of their guilt got the Kings grace.

C. Declare to me, sweet Sir, said I,
Was there no more Idolatry,
After that this false Idol Bell
Was throwed up, as you me tell.

E. Yy Son, said he, incontinent
These novels through the world went,
How King Ninus, as I have said,
A curious Image he had made,
To the which all his Nation
Made devote adoration:
Then every Countrey took conceit,
They would King Ninus counterfeit:

When

When any famous man was dead,
Set up an Image in his stead.
Which they did honour from the spleen,
As it immortall God had been:
Images some made for the Dames,
Of fine gold, of stocks and stones,
Of silver some, and ivory bone,
With diverse names to everyone:
For some they called Saturnus,
Some Jupiter, some Neptunus,
And some they called Cupido,
Their god of love, and some Pluto:
They called some Mercurius,
And some the windy Eolus.
Some Mars made like a man of war,
Enarmed well with sword and spear:
Some Bacchus, and some Apollo;
Of names they had a hundreth and more.

When any Lady of great fame
Was dead, for to exalt her name,
An Image for a Portraiture
Was set up for an Oratour:
The which they called their goddesse,
As Venus, Juno and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Vesta and Diana,
Some Clio, some Proserpina:
And some the great goddesse Minerve,
With curious colours they would carve.
Among the Poets you may see,
Of false gods the Genealogie.

So that these abominations
Did spread throughout all Nations:
Except good Abram, as we read,
Who honoured God in word and deed:
For Abram had his beginning,

Int-

Into the time of Ninus King.
Ninus began with tyranny:
And Abram with humility.
Ninus began the first Empire:
Abram of war had no desire.
Ninus began Idolatry:
Abram in spirit and verity,
He prayed to the Lord alone.
False Imagery he would have none:
Of him descended, I heard tell,
The twelve tribes of Israel.
These people made adoration
With humble supplication
To him who was of kings King,
And heaven and earth made of nothing:
Dead Images they held at nought,
Which were with mens hands wrought:
But the almighty God on live,
My son now have I done describe
These questions at thy commandement,
The which thou didst at me demand.

C. What was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
Idolatry did so long endure
Out through the world so generally,
And with the gentiles specially?

E. Sith ther some causes principall,
I find in my memoriall:
First was through Princes commandement,
Which did Idolatry invent:
Then singular profite of the Priests,
Painters, Gold-smiths, Masons, Wrights:
These men of craft full cautelously,
Made Images so pleasantly,
And sold them for a sumptuous price:
So by their craftie merchandise,

They

They were made rich above measure:
As for the Priests, I thee assure,
They got profit into all hands,
Through sacrifice and offerings:
And by their fained subtilties,
Abused many men of goods.
Ye in the time of Daniel,
The Priests of that Fool Bell.
When Nebuchadnezzar King,
In Babylon highly did reign,
The Priests the King made understand
That Image made with mighty hand,
He was a glorious God of life,
And also had prerogatives
That by his great power divine,
Would eat both, meat, bread & wine:
And so the King caused a deep hole,
Before Bell an huge great bowl
Fourty fat sheep were slain and shred,
And six great vessels of strong wine,
Twelve great bushes of bounden flour,
Which was all eaten in one hour.
Not by that Image dead and dumb,
But by the Priests all and some,
As by the Bible thou may'st learn,
Whose number was threescore and ten.
They and their wives & children eke,
Ate all that on the altar lay.
Then Daniel in conclusion,
Shewed to the King their abusion:
And of their craft he made him aware,
How underneath the Temple stair,
Through a passage they came by night,
And ate that meat by candle light.
The King when he the matter knew

The Priests with all their wives he saw;
Thus subtilly the King was spied,
And all the people were beguiled.
My son, said he, now may thou see,
How by the Priests, and crafty men,
And by their craftiness and cure,
Idolatry did long endure.

Behold how John Boccacius
Hath written works wonderous,
Of Gentils superstition,
And of their great abusion.
And in his great Book thou mayst see,
Of the false Gods genealogie,
Of Demorgorgon in special,
Fore grand-syre to the Gods all.
Honour'd amongst Arcadians,
And of the false Philistians,
With their great devilish God Dagon,
With their Idols many one.
But I abhor the truth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israel
Chosen by God Omnipotent,
How they brake his commandement.
King Solomon, as the Scripture says,
He doted in his latter dayes:
His wanton wives for to please,
He car'd not God for to displease,
And did commit Idolatry,
Worshipping car'd Sorcery,
As Molech God of Amonites,
And Chemosh God of Moabites,
Astaroth God of Sidonians;
So for his inobedience,
And foul abomination,
Alas punish'd his succession,

His

His son Roboam, I pray to tell,
Lost the ten tribes of Israel,
For his fathers Idolatry;
As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used amongst Christian men.

FAther, yet one thing would I spear,
Behold in every Church and Quear,
Through Christendowne in Burghand Land,
Images made with mens hand:
To whom are given divers names,
Some Peter, and Paul, some John, and James,
Saint Peter carved with his keys,
Saint Michael with his wings and wayes,
Saint Katherin with her sword and wheele,
An Hynd set up hard by Saint Geele,
It were o're long for to describe
Saint Francis with his woundys five.
Saint Trodwell eke there may be seen,
Who in a pitch hath both her eene.
Saint Paul well painted with a sword,
As he would fight at the first word,
Saint Appollon on altar stands,
With all her teeth into her hands.
Saint Roch well fenced men may see,
A byle now broken on her thye.
Saint Eloy he doth stately stand,
A new horse-shoe into his hand.
Saint Ninian of a rotten stock,
Saint Dutho hew'd out of a block.
Saint Andrew with Crosse in his hand,
Saint George upon a horse riband.
Saint Antone set upon a sow,
Saint Bryde well carved with a kow,
With costly colours fine and fair,
A thousand more I might declare.

As

As Saint Cosme and Dominian,
The Douter or Saint Chrisopinian,
All these on Altars stately stands,
Priests crying for their offrands;
To whom we commons on our knees
Do worship all these Imageries;
In Church or Queer, or in the Cloister,
Praying to them our Pater noster,
In Pilgrimage from town to town,
With offering and adoracion;
To them ay babling on our beeds,
That they may help us in our needs;
What differs this before to me,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.

E. If that be true that thou reportis,
It goes right near the self same sorts:
But we by counsell of Clergy,
Have licence to make Imagery,
Which of unlearned been the bookis,
For when the Laick on them looks,
It brings them in remembrance,
Of saints lives the circumstance;
How the faith for to fortifie,
They suffered pain right patiently,
Seeing the Image on the rood,
Men should remember on the blood
Which Christ into his passion
Did shed for our salvation,
Or when thou seest the Portraiture
Of blessed Mary Virgin pure,
A pleasant babe upon her knee;
Then in thy mind remember thee,
The word which the Prophet said;
How she should be both mother & maid:
But who that sitteth on their knees

Praying

Praying to many Images,
With oration and oblations,
Kneeling with cup into their hands;
No difference been, I say to thee,
From the Gentils Idolatry.
Right so of diverse Nations,
I read th'abominations;
How Greeks made their devotion hail
To Mars to save them in battail.
To Jupiter some took their voyage,
To save them from the roving rage:
Some prayed to Venus from the spleen,
That they their lovers might obtain;
And some to Juno for riches.
Their pilgrimage they could address,
So doth our common populace,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their superstitious pilgrimages
To many diverse Images.
Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
To save them from the pestilence;
For their teeth to Saint Apoline;
To Saint Treacle to mend their sin.
Some makes offerings to Saint Eloy,
That he their horse might well conserve.
They run when they be joined time;
To Saint Sythe ere they rise;
And to Saint Germain to get them gain,
For maladies into their beasts,
They bring mad men on feet and horse,
And binds them to Saint Mungo's cross,
To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
To save them from the thunder blast;
For good novels, as I guess,
Some takes their way to Gabriel's

Some

Some wives Saint Margret doth exhort
Into their birth them to support.
To Saint Anthony ye have the loine,
To Saint Bryde [illegible] and hose,
To Saint Sebastian they run and ryde,
That from the shot ye save their skyne.
And some in hope to get their geal,
Runs to the old rood of Kemel:
Howbeit these people rude
Think their intention to be good.
Woe be to Priests, I say, for me,
Which should show them the verity,
Which hath of them the cure,
Shal make anthem thereafter, in fine,
In the great day of Judgement,
Where no time is for to repent;
Where manifest Idolatry
Shal punished be perpetually.

An Exclamation against Idolatrie.

IMprudent people, ignorant and blind,
By what reason, law, or authority,
Or what authentick Scripture can ye find
Lawful for to commit Idolatrie?
Which is to hold your baby, or your knee,
With devote humble adoration,
To any Image made of stock or tree,
Giving to them offering or oblation.
Why do ye give the honour, laud, or glore
Pertaining to God who made all things of nought
Who was, and is, and shal be evermore,
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish fold! why have ye succour sought
Of them that cannot help you in distress?
Yet reasonably resolve into your thought,
In stock or stone can be no holiness.

In

In the desart the people of Israel,
Moses remaining on the Mount Sinay:
They made a molten Calf of fine mettall,
Which they did honour as their God allway,
But when Moses descended, I dear say,
And did consider their Idolatry;
Of that people three thousand caus'd he slay,
As the scripture at length doth testifie.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatry reproved,
And would not worship their false Idol Bell,
The whole people at him were sore agrieved,
To that effect that he should be mischieved:
Delivered him to ramping Lyons seven,
But of that danger dous Den he was relieved,
Through miracle of the great God of heaven.

Behold how Nebuchadnezor King,
Into the Vall of Dura did prepare
An Image of fine gold, a marvelous thing,
Three score of cubits high, and six in square,
As more clearly the scripture doth declare;
To whom all people by proclamation,
With bodies bow'd, and on their knees bare,
Right humbly made their adoration.

A great wonder that day was seen also,
How Nebuchadnezor in his ire,
Took Sedrach, Mesech and Abednego,
Which would not bow their knees at his desire
To Idol, caus'd cast them into the fire
For to be burnt, ere he stir'd off the stead,
When he believed they were burnt bones lyre,
It Was not consum'd a small hair of their head;

The Angel of the Lord was with them seen
Into that hot fornace, walking up and down.

Into

Into a rotte earth as they had been;
No spot of sin distaining coat or gown:
Of victory they did obtain the Crown,
And were to them that made adoration
To that Idol, or bow'd their body down,
A witnessing of their damnation.
What was the cause at me thou mayst demand,
That Solomon used no Imagery
In his triumphant temple for to stand,
Of Abram, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor to Moses, their safeguard through the sea,
Nor Josua their valiant Champion?
Because God did command the contrary,
They should not use such superstition.
Behold how the great God Omnipotent,
To preserve Israel from Idolatry,
Directed them a strait commandement,
That they should make no graven Imagrie,
Neither of gold, silver, stone nor tree,
Nor give worship to any similitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
But openly to his soveraign celsitude.
The Prophet David plainly did reprieve,
Idolatry to their confusion;
In graven stock or stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great abusion;
Speaking in manner of derision,
How dead Idoles by mens hands wrought,
Whom they honour'd with humble adoration,
Were in the market daily sold and bought.
The Devils seeing the ill condition
Of the Gentiles, and their unfaithfulnesse,
For to augment their superstition,
In these Idoles they made their interesse;

And

And in them [illegible] as [illegible] to [illegible]
Then men [illegible] of them to get relief:
Asking their help in all their [illegible],
But finally they turn'd to their [illegible].

Trust well, in them is no Diuinitie,
when with the roote their fare colour both fade:
Though they have feet, yet can they [illegible];
Notwithstanding the Temple burn about their head.
In them is neither friendship nor remeid,
In such figures, what fauour can ye find?
Watch mouth & eares & eyes though they be mene,
All men may see they are dumb, deaf and blind.

Notwithstanding they fall down flatly on the flure,
They have no strength themselues to raise againe:
Though rats ouer them run, they take no cure:
Notwithstanding they brake their neck, they feel no paine
Why should men [illegible] to them sing or say,
Since growing trees that yeerly bearen fruit,
Are more to praise, I meane to their plain,
Then cutted stocks, wanting both crop and roote.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abomination,
On their feast days all creatures may see:
They bear an old stock Image through the toun,
With cruern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
which hath been vsed many a yeer bygone,
With Priests and Friers into procession,
Like vnto Bell carried through Babylon.

Think ye not shame, ye secular Priests & Friers
To so great superstition to consent?
Idolaters ye have been many yeers,
Erpriests against the Lords Commandement.
Wherefore, brethren, I counsel you repent:
Give no honour to carued stock or stone,

But

But honour ye the [illegible]
And praise him as ye [illegible]
Fy on your Friers that alwis teyres preach,
And do advance [illegible]
Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image [illegible]
As it were holy, should not honoured be?
For born on Burgells backs up unto dayes,
But ye shew plainly your hypocrisie,
When ye passe fayrmest in processe.
Fy on you fellowes of [illegible]
That to the head flock doth reverence,
In presence of the people publickly,
Fear ye not God to commit such offence?
I counsell you to do your diligence,
To cause suppresse so great abusion:
Do ye not so, I dread your repentance
Shall be nought else but clean confusion.
Had St. Frances been born out through the town,
Or Saint Dominick, though ye had refused,
With them to have past in procession,
In that case some should you have excused.
Now men may see how that ye have abused
That noble town through your hypocrisie:
The people think that they may right well use it,
When ye passe with them into company.
Some of you hath been quiet counsellours,
Provoking Princes to their [illegible] God,
Which never did your prudent [illegible]
But ye like furious Pharisies denud.
Of charity, which rent Christ on the rod,
For Christs flock, without malice or yre,
Converted evangill soultres, I conclude,
By Gods own word, without [illegible]

Read ye not how Christ hes giuen command,
If thy brother do ought that be to offend,
Then secretly control him hand for hand
In friendly maner, ere that thou further wend.
If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
To one or two by true narration:
If he for them will not this misse amend,
Delate him to the Congregation.
And yet if he remain obstinate,
And to the holy Church unconsolable:
Then like a turk hold him excommunicate,
And with all faithfull folk abominable:
Banishing him, that he be no more able
To dwell among the faithfull company:
When he repents be not unmerciable,
But him receive again right tenderly.
But our dumb Doctors of divinity,
And ye of the last found Religion:
Of your transgressours ye have no pity,
But cryes to put them ay to confusion.
As cry'd the Jews for the effusion
Of Christs blood into their burning yre,
Crucifie, so ye with an union
Do cry, cause cast the faultes in the fire.
Unmercifull members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane tradition,
Contrare the institution of Christ,
Fear ye not for divine punition.
Though some of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new errent wine:
I speak to you all hostes of perdition,
Return in time, ere ye run to ruine.
As ran the perverse prophets of Baal,
Which did consent to the Idolatry:

Of wicked Achab King of Israel,
Whose number were four hundreth and fifty.
Which honoured that Idol openly,
But when Elias did preve their abusion,
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly:
So in one hour came their confusion.
I pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red Friers for their Idolatry,
In Scotland, England, Spain, Italy and France,
Upon one day were punisht pittifully,
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland, England, Denmark and Norroway,
Are trodden down with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanisht quite away.
I marvell that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Friers such preheminence:
To use their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a Bishop augment his own expence,
For each Sermon ten Ducats in his hand:
He would ere he did lack that recompence,
Go preach him self both into burgh and land.
I trust to see good Reformation,
When that we get a faithfull prudent King
Which knows the truth: and his vocation,
All Publicans, I trust he will down thring:
And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharisienes,
Against the truth, which plainly do maligne:
Till that King come we must take patience.
Now farewell friends, because I cannot agree,
Howbeit I could, ye must had me excused:
Though I against Idolatry invite,
Of them despite that will not yet refuse it.

I pray to God that it be no more used,
And eight the Rulers of this Region;
That common people be no more abused,
But give their glore that bare the thorny crown,
Who teaches us by his divine Scripture,
To right prayer, the perfect ready way:
As writeth Matthew in his first Chapter,
In what manner, and to whom we should pray.
A short compendious Oration each day,
Most profitable both for body and soul:
The theory is not directed, I hear say,
By John or James, to Peter or to Paul,
Nor to nany other of Apostles twelve,
Nor to no Saint, nor Angel in the heaven;
But only to our Father God himself,
Which Oration is contained full even,
Most profitable for us pitiless seven,
Which we lack, [illegible] the Pater noster call;
Though we say Psalms nine-and-twenty eleven,
Of all prayers this is the principall.
By reason of the Maker that it made,
Which was the Son of God, our Saviour;
And by reason to whom it should be said,
To the Father of Heaven, our Creator;
Who dwelleth not in temples nor in towers,
He clearly sees our thoughts, will and intents,
What needeth us no others for to rout,
All parts in all places his power is present.
Ye Pastors of the Evening that should preach,
Why further ye to great oblation?
Why come not the simple people to church,
Do what to hearken to their oration?
Why thole yestrem to go from town to town,
In Pilgrimage to any Imageries;

Hop-

Hoping to get some satisfaction,
Praying to them deuoutly on their knees:
This was the practise of some Pilgrimage,
When flocks into Fife began to rin;
With Jack and Tom, then they took their voyage
In Angus to the Reid Charpell of Dron,
Then Kinrock there as ready as a Cat,
without regard either to sin or shame;
Gaue money leaue at leasure to leap on.
Farbetter bein to haue tarried at hame.
I haue seen passe a marvelous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their foote.
Under the form of sained sanctitude,
For to adore an Image in Lawriet;
Many came with their fellowes for to meet,
Committing their foul fornication:
Some bild the clergie call of the Hermitet
Why thole ye this damnable tirannie
Of fornication and avoutrie,
Appearantly ye take but little cure;
Seeing the marvelous inhonestie,
Which hath so long bene in this Land endure,
Of your defaults, which gaue the charge and cure.
This is of truth, my Lords, with your leyue:
Such Pilgrimages hade maue many a wyfe,
Which if I pleased plainly I might preue.
Why make ye not the Scriptures manifest
Gainpoynt pernicious teaching Idolatry?
In your preaching, why habe ye not rymed
How many millions of Ikael creature
Were punisht by God so rigorously
As Jeroboam, and many more, no mervell.
For worshipping of calfs & Images
Were from right

Why thole ye under your Dominion,
A crafty Priest or falsed false Hermite
Abusing the people of this Region,
Only for their particular profite
And specially that Hermite Lawrick,
Ye put the common people in belief be
That blind got sight, and croked got their fact,
The which the pullard by no means can prieve.
Ye married men that hath trim wanton wives,
And lusty daughters of young and tender age,
Whose honesty ye should love as your lives,
Permit them not to passe in Pilgrimage,
To such suppost of any such Image;
For I have known good women pass fra hame,
Which hath been trapped with such lusts rage,
Hath returned both with great sin and shame.
Get up, thou sleepest still too long, O Lord,
And make an hasty Reformation:
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word
And have a deadly indignation
At them which make a true narration,
Of thy Gospel hating the verity:
O Lord, I make thee supplication,
Support our faith, our hope and charity.

How King Ninus builded the great City of Nineve, and how he vanquished Zoroastes King of Bactria.

THis Ninus of Assyria King,
When he had made his conquesting
To build a City he him dress,
Choosing a place where he thought best,
Where he had first dominion,
In Assyria his own Region:
Though Assur as the Scripture says,
Who name before King Ninus was

He founded that famous City,
The which was called Nineve:
But as rehearseth Diodore,
Ninus that City did decore
So marvelous triumphantly,
As ye shall hear immediatly.
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Which to behold great wonder was:
An hundreth and fifty sages,
That City was of length I wis.
The walls an hundreth fot of hight,
No wonder was though it was might.
Such breadth about the walls there was,
Three Carts might dalongs on them pass:
Four hundreth stages, four score and four
In circuit, but nine ar more.
Of towres about the walls I wis,
A thousand and five hundreth was:
Of hight two hundreth fot and more,
As writeth famous Diodore.
The Scripture maketh mention,
When God sent Jonas to that town,
To show them of his punishment,
Throughout the city when he went:
Three dayes journy to him it was,
The Bible sayes it was no lesse.
My son, now have I shown to thee,
Of the building of Nineve,
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus cal'd it after his name.
When he that great City had made,
To conquesse more yet he intended,
And did depart from Nineve,
And raised up a great Army,
Of the most stalwart men and [illegible]

Of all the Regions round about,
In great order took their journey,
Toward the Realm of Bactria.
Of wight fot-men I understand,
He had seventeen hundreth thousande,
Without horse-men and warlike carts,
whom he ordered in sundry parts
Which to describe I am unable,
whose number is incredible.

Zoraster that noble King,
When Bactria he in governing:
That prudent Prince, as I heare tell,
Did in Mathematicks excell;
And found the Art of Magike,
With sacrificed Beasts many make,
Seeing King Ninus in the field,
Forward he came with fourscore Shield.
Four hundreth thousande men he was,
In his armie (as I have found)
And met King Ninus on the bancket,
Right valiantly and in good order:
On the vanguard of the Persians
On them he rusht right valiantly;
And of them slew, as I have say,
An hundreth thousand men that day,
The rest that scaped were in flight,
To Ninus great host for aid.
Of that King Ninus was so hoped,
He rested not but still he followed
All whole that Region up and down,
And from thence did cross the crowd,
And made the Realm of Bactria,
Subject to Assyria:
And in the self-same land I wisse
He got his wife Semiramis,

which

Which as mine Author hath recorded,
Was then the lustick season of the yeare,
That being done he thence returned
To Ninive he did returne,
With great triumph of victorie,
As mine Author doth specifie:
Both Occidente and Orient
Were all to him obedient.
It would abhor that to be rehearsed
The guiltlesse blood that he did shed,
When he had reigned by the space many yeares
The space of three and fourty yeares
Being in his exployts glorious
The dolent death did him devour,
In what sort I am not certaine
Some Author sayes that he was slaine:
And left into his heritage
A little Child of tender age,
Young Ninus was the Childes name,
Which after grew to great fame:
Some sayes, that by poison he was reaved,
King Ninus died in prison,
As I shall shew ere I dance fare,
How Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderfull deeds of Queen Semiramis.

NINUS lo dyed so valiantly,
Semiramis his fair Lady
There was nothing she would have done,
But all obeyed was full soon.
She seeing him so victorious,
She grew proud and presumptuous,
And at the King she did scoffe,
Five dayes to gouern his Empire:
And he of his good clemency
Did grant her that preheminence.

With Sceptred Crown, and Robe Royal,
And whole power Imperial.
Till five dayes were come and gone,
That she as King might reign alone:
Then all the Princes of the Lands
During that time made her a bande:
With banquet Royal merrily
She treated them triumphantly.
So the first day the people all
Came to her service bound and thrall:
But ere the second day was gone,
She took such glory to reign alone,
By a device made them swoune.
The King she put in prison strong.
I read well of his poisoning:
But not of his delivering:
How ever it was, into his slowes,
He did of death suffer throwes,
And might not length his life one houre,
Though he were the first Conqueroure
Whole conquesting, for to conclude,
Was not without shedding of blood.

Now have ye heard of Ninus King,
How he began, and his ending:
Although mine Author Diodore,
Of him hath written mickle more.
Princes for wrongous conquesting,
Do make oft times an evil ending.
Though he had long prosperity,
He ended with great misery.

Of King *Ninus* Sepulture.

The Queen a sepulcure had made,
Wherein the King Ninus body laid,
Of curious crafty work and wight,
The which had sides nine of right,

And

And ten ſtades of breadth it was,
Diodore ſayes, it was no leſs:
For eight ſtades a myle thou take,
And thereafter thy number make,
So by this compt it was full right,
A myle and ake a ſtade of hight:
Except the tower of Babylon,
So high a worke, I read of none.
Semiramis his luſty Queen,
Conſidering what danger been.
To have a King of tender age,
Which might not uſe his vaſſalage,
She took a courageous conceit,
Thinking that ſhe ſhuld make debate,
If any made rebellion
Contrare her ſon and Regione
Whom ſhe did ſober temperly,
And keeped him full quietly:
She laid apart her owne clothing,
And took the rayment of a King,
When ſhe was into armour bright,
Might no man know her by a Knight,
So valiantly went to the warre,
And to give battel took no feare,
Daunting all Realms round about,
That all the world of her had doubt,
Yore fortunate in her conqueſting
Then was her husband Ninus King.
Babylon ſhe did fortifie,
Temples and towers triumphantly,
So pleaſantly did them prepare,
Which in the earth had no compare:
Howbeit Nimrod, of whom I ſpake,
The hideous dungeon he cauſd make,
And of the City the fundgment.

To whom God made the confusion,
Where Nimrod left them off begonne,
And put to worke twenty & nine,
Of all Realmes round about,
Of most engine that ever them saw.
She had working with tree and stones,
Twelve hundred thousand men at once.
Go read the book of Diodore,
And there shalt find the number more:
On every five of Euphrates,
Thus noble City builded was,
And so that river so renowned,
Ran through the midst part of that town.
Thereby there stood the towers made,
Of marvelous strength, huge long and brade;
They were five score large of length
On every bridge the same a strength,
The circuit, as I told before,
Four hundreth furlongs and four score,
The walls high, [illegible] to describe,
Three hundred [illegible] three foot,
Six Carts [illegible] might easily,
Above the walls of that City,
Dwellings with [illegible]
Contayne them [illegible]
If there were [illegible]
And also curiously [illegible]
As Diodore hath done [illegible]
Which does transcend my rude engine.
Of Babylon the magnificence,
To whom ye would give no credence.
If I at length would put in prose.
Which Diodore hath done enpose.
Compare with Cities and Towns.
To Ninive and Babylon.

From

From Nineve of Assyria
To Babylon in Caldea
By bridges pleasantly ye may passe
Upon the flouds of Euphrates
Among the flouds of Paradise
This Euphrates may bear the palme
All works which the Queen began
Transcended the engines of mankind
The proud Queen Penthesilea
The Princesse of Amazons
with her Ladies trium̄phantly
At Troy which fought valiantly
Nor yet the fair Queen of Fraunce
Daughter of Englishe ordinance
To Semiramis in her regne
were no comparre, as bookes saye
Except triumphant Julius
Strong Hanibal, or Pompeius
Or Alexander the Conquerour
I find no greater warriour
Would I rehearse, as wyse Clarke
Her wonderfull and valiant workes
It were to me a great labour
And tedious to the Auditour
what she did in Ethiopia
And in the land of Media
Building cities, castles and towres
Parks and gardens of pleasures
For the exalting of her name
And immortall to make her fame.
Of Jarcius the high mountaine
She caus'd run down, and make them plaine
Great Orantes, the mountaine height
Twenty and two stages of hight
To her Pallace to make a Loch

W

By

By force of men she cut it through.
Had she keeped her chastity.
She might have been an Aperse,
When she had ordered her Empire,
Of Venus wosh she took desire:
A secret mansion she can to make,
Wherein she pleasantly might take
Young Gentlemen for her pleasure,
The which she used above measure.
One man alone might not be able
To stanch her lust insatiable.
When she was satisfied of one,
She caus'd another come anon:
The lustiest in all that land.
Came quietly at her command.
When they at length had layen her by,
She slew all them right cruelly,
When her son came to age perfyte.
Of him she took so great delyte,
So caused him with her to ly,
Amongst the rest right quietly.
Some sayes with sensual lusts rage,
She bound him into marriage.
And held him under tutorie,
To uphold her authority.

How the Queen Semiramis with a great army past to *India*, and fought with the King Staurobates, and of her actes there.

When she had long time lived in rest,
Tranquild much she her addrest:
Because of diverse she heard tell
How that the Indus Oriental
Excell'd in great commodities,
As bestial, corns, and fruitful trees:
All kind of spices delicious,

Gold

Gold, Siluer, and stones pretious,
And how that plenteous land did bear
Corn, fruit and wine twise in the year,
With Elephants innumerable,
In battel wondrous terrible:
She hearing this, and meekle more,
Beleeuing to augment her glore,
Caus'd make strait proclamation
In all and sundry Nations,
Showing how it was her pleasure,
All Princes vnder her Empire,
In Egypt, and Arabia,
In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea,
In Greece, in Caspia, and Hircane,
In Capadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilia, and Assyria,
That euch land after their degree,
Should bring to her a great armie,
In all the goodly hafts they mai,
And meet her into Bactria,
Declaring them that her intende
Was to pass to the Orient,
And make war with the King of Inde,
From time they knew what was her mind,
Then by themselues euch Region
Came forward with their garison,
Triumphantly in gud array,
To Bactria took the ready way,
And made their musters to the Queen,
But such a sight was neuer seen,
In battel ray so many a man,
At once, since God the world began?
But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,

Were

Were not inhabite in thofe dayes,
Nor long after, the Romayns dayes.

Epheſius he doth [illegible]
The number of this great Army:
Saying, there came at her commaund,
Fot-men thirty hundreth thouſand:
Of horſe-men mounted gallantly,
Five hundreth thouſand perfit.
And hundreth thouſand Camels weight.
On every Camell rode a Knight
Prepar'd to paſſe into all parts,
There was an hundred thouſand Carts,
Two thouſand Wayns with her the carries,
On Horſe, Camels, & Wayne carries
Bridges to make ſhe did commaund,
Over-thwart Indus that fierce flouds,
Which been of Inde the utmoſt bounder,
On the which ſtood with riche gard ouer:
Of her barges the bridges were,
Whereon her great hoſte might ryde.

C. Father, I wonde much vnderſtood,
How ſuch a multitude ſmall number,
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight with ſpeare and ſhield.
Some men will ſaye, ouer a table,
The matter [illegible]

E. It may [illegible]
As by example [illegible]
How David King [illegible]
His people called vnto [illegible]
By Joab his chief Captain,
As holy Scripture [illegible]
Of fighting men into [illegible]
He found thirteen hundreth thouſande,
Sith David in that [illegible]

Eight

Might have raised such an Army
To this Lady it was no wonder
The which had great realms her under.
Then Davids little Region
Though she had many a Legion
Of men, more than I told before:
Therefore my son, marvel no more.

When Staurobates King of Indea
Greatly perturbed in his mind,
Hearing of such a multitude,
To make defence he did conclude,
And sent a message to the Queen
Praying her (Pasiphy screen)
That she would of her special grace
Give me licence to live in peace;
Fatting of that, though he should die,
That he should make her flight or flee,
And to his gods a boil he make
If no peace might of her be had:
And if he wan the battle
That he the Queen should crucify
At his boasting the Queen made bourd,
Saying, It shall not be in his word
Shall make me passe from my purpose,
Without great strokes as I suppose.
The Messenger shew'd to the King
Of her pursuit pursuing fleeing.
Then Staurobates bold and wight
Came forward like a noble knight
With many a thousand spear and shield
Arrayed royall in the field,
Thinking he would his life defend,
Or in the battell make an end.

The Queen upon the other side
Full of presumption and pride

Her

Where not inhabite in those dayes,
For long after, into Asia
Ephesius by both parentes
The number of this great Army:
Saying, there came at her commaund,
Footmen thirty hundreth thousand
Of horse-men wonderful gallantly,
Five hundreth thousand perfit,
And hundreth thousand Camels weighty.
On every Camell rode a Knight:
Prepar'd to passe into all parts,
There was an hundred thousand Carts;
Two thousand Beasts with her she carries,
On Horse, Camels, & Waynes-carries
Bridges to make she did consider,
Over-thwart Indus that Riuer large,
Which been of Inde the wall full barber,
On the which stood with ryal guard vpper:
Of her barges the bridges many,
Whereon her great Hoste safely rade.

C. Father, I wonder much vnderstood,
Holy such a marueilous great Hoste,
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight both speare and shield.
Some men will iudge this vnto a fable,
The matter be it neuer so reasonable.

E. It may be so, and nothing lesse,
As by example we may see,
How David King of Israel
His people caused numbred all,
By Joab his chief Captain,
As holy Scripture doth declare,
Of fighting men into that Land,
He found eleuen hundreth thousand,
Sith David in that small country,

Eight

Might have raised such an Armye
To this Lady it was no wonder
The which had great realmes her under.
Then Davids little Regiment
Though she had many a Legion
Of men, more than I told before.
Therefore my son, marvell not now

When Staurobates King of Iudea
Greatly perturbed in his mind
Hearing of such a multitude,
To make defence he did conclude
And sent a message to the Queen
Praying her Majesty frendly
That she would of her special grace
Give me licence to live in peace
Failing of that, though he should die
That he should make her flight or flee
And to his god a vow he made
If no peace might of her be had
And if he wan the victory
That he the Queen should crucifie.
At his boasting the Queen made laughing
Saying, It shall not be my happe
Shall make me passe from my purpose
Without great strokes as I suppose
The Messenger shew'd to the King
Of her presumptuous answering.
Then Staurobates wife and wighes
Came forward like a noble knight
With many a thousand speare and shield
Arrayed royall on the field
Thinking he would his wife defend
Or in the battell make an end.

The Queen upon the other side
Full of presumption and pride

Her

Her banners pleasantly displaying,
With hardy heart and mastery,
Upon Indus that famous flood
They met, where shed was much bloud
In boats, balingars and barges,
The two armies on other charges
Semiramis the battel wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man,
So that the water of the flood
Ran red mixed with mens bloud.
The King of Inde with all his wights
From Indus flood he took the flight,
To his chief City he retires,
Where in his presence there appeared,
In battel ray a new army
Of right invincible Cheualry,
With Elephants an hideous number,
Which after ward made mickle number.
Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,
Destroyed the borders of that land.
Took prisoners into them ten thousand.
She took a contagious conceit,
Great Elephants to counterfeit:
She had ten thousand oxen hydes,
Well sew'd together, back and sides,
With mouth and nose, teeth, ears & eies,
Quick Elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with straw and hay,
Whereof the Indeans took a fray:
Upon Camels and Dromadaries
These false figures truly for she carried.
The Indeans when they saw that sight,
Affrayedly they took the flight,
For such a sight was never seen,

If natural beasts they had been.
The King himself was was right afeard,
Till he the verity had spear'd
And knew by his Explanations,
They were but fained false figures,
Then manfully like men of war,
Forward they came without fear,
Right so Semiramis the Queen,
Which for one man was sixteen:
These two armies full cruelly,
They rusht together so rudely,
With hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
Semiramis had such a number,
To order them it was great cumber:
Then the great Elephant of Inde,
Right strong and hardy of their kinde,
Forward they came, & would not cease,
Till through the mist of the preace,
Of that great host they rudely rushed,
Their men & horse to earth they pushed,
These fained beasts without offence,
Were fruthe and footed under feet,
The King of Inde with courage keen,
Yet with Semiramis the Queen,
He riding on an Elephant:
But she with him fought hand for hand,
And gave the King so great assay,
That he was never in such a fray:
To strike at him she took no fear,
So well she used was in weer,
His strokes she had but little counted,
Were not the King was so well mounted.
Either at other strake so fell,
Till they were tyred at the last,

The

The King be thought present shame,
With a woman to be [illegible]
And was determined not to flee,
Though in that battell he should die,
As one which was disposed to,
He rudely ran upon the Queen,
And through the arme gave her a wound,
Which to her heart gave such a sound,
That she constrained was to flee:
Then all the rest of her Army,
When they perceived that she was gone,
To Indus flouds they flew each one.
The Queen ouerthwart the flouds she rode,
On bridges which were of boats made:
With her a sober comly pace,
Which with her fled streight by,
The Indians followed on the chase,
Then to the bridges came such a pressle
Of fleeing folke, that there great wonder,
So that the [illegible]
Some sank [illegible]
Then drowned were many a noble man,
Which was great pity to beholde,
As writers learned doe declare,
And finally for to conclude,
It was neuer shed so much blood
At one time since the world began,
Nor slain so many guiltie men;
And all through the ambition,
And the prideful perfection
Of this ambitious wicked Queen,
Such one was neuer borne nor seen.
Staurobates the King of India,
Greatly reioyced in his minde,
Of this triumph and victory:

Semiramis

Semiramis with heart full of sorrow
Seeing so many causes to lament
To her country returned with speed
Lamenting fortunes spite
Which brought her to great mischance
Before which was so fortunate
And then of comfort desolate.

Her son a man of perfect age
Considering his subjection
His liberty he did desire
That he might govern his Empire:
Seeing his mother vitious
And with that so ambitious:
As mine author doth specifie,
He slew his mother cruelly:
What other causes instigation
I find no special mention.
Some sayes to be at liberty,
Some sayes, for her adultery:
None other cause I can find out,
Except punition divine.
Of this fair Lady passing [illegible]
Behold the ending [illegible]
Who was but twenty years of age
When she began her [illegible]
And reign'd in [illegible]
The space of fourty and three years
When she was slain, [illegible]
With years time, [illegible]
As Diodore writes in [illegible]
His Chronicles who list to look.

Of this Lady I make an end,
Thinking no more I can commend
Women to be manifold,
Nor men for to be more untold.

For why? it's given the Lords mind,
All creatures to use their kind.
Men for to have preeminence,
And women under obedience?
Though all women inclined be
To have the soveraignity;
As this Lady, who would not rest,
Till she her husband had suppress;
To that intent that she might reign
Alone to have the governing.
Ladies no ways I can commend,
Presumptuously which do pretend
To use the office of a King,
Or Realms take in governing,
Howbeit they valiant be and wighe,
Going in battel like a Knighe,
As did proud Penthesilea,
The Princess of Amazona,
In mens habite against reason.
Likewise I think unction,
A Prince to be effeminate,
Of knightly courage desolate,
Neglecting his authority,
Through bealily sumptuosity,
Accompanied both days and nights,
With women more than valiant Knights.
Such Kings I reckon not at all,
Example of Sardanapal.

Father, said I, show me how long,
The succession of King Ninus rang?
That shal I do with diligence,
Syr son, said he, here we go prest;
Since I have woon at thy request,
What man began the first Empire,
Now would I it were to thine hend,
Of that Empire the fatal end.

How

How King Sardanapalus for his vicious life, made a miserable end.

BEtween the Conqueror Ninus,
And sensual Sardanapalus,
I can find no special Story,
Worthy to put in memory,
Except which I have done describe,
Of Semiramis King Ninus wife.
But I can find no good at all
To write of King Sardanapal,
Which was the fift and thirty King,
By line from Ninus descending:
At length his life for to declare,
I think it is not necessare,
Because that many cunning Clarks,
Have done described in their warks,
How he was last of Assyrians,
Which had the whole preeminence,
The time of the first Monarchie
In Chronicles as thou mayst see:
The last and the most vicious King,
Which in that Monarchie did reign.
That Prince was so effeminate,
With sensual lust intoxicate:
He did abhor the company
Of his most Noble Chevalry,
That he might have the more delite
To use his beastly appetite:
Converted with women night and day,
And cloathed him in their array:
So that no man that has him seen,
Could judge a man that he had been:
So he in whoredom and harlotry,
Did keep himself so quietly:
The Princes of Assyrians

Of him they could get no patience;
Thus lived he continually
Against nature so inordinately;
When to the Perse and to the Medes
Reported was such vicious deeds
With the Rulers of Babylon,
They did conclude all in one,
They would not suffer for to reign
Above them such a vicious King.
But Arbaces a Duke of Medes,
He verily took in hand that deed
And first he came to Nineve,
To see the King his Majesty:
And to one of the Kings guard
He gave a secret sign forward,
To put him in a quiet place,
Where he might see the Kings grace
And be unseen of any wight;
But he saw neither King nor knight
Into his Majesties company,
Except women alonerly.
And as a woman he was clade,
With women crowned and laid
And shamefully he was sitting
With spindle and with rock spinning:
When Arbaces that sight had seen,
His courage rose up from the spleen,
And thought it small difficulty,
For to depose his Majesty.
Then raised he the Persians,
With Medes and Babylonians,
Enarmed well with spear and shield,
Triumphantly they took the field.
The King raised the Assyrians,
Together with the Chaldeans;

And they resisted as they might;
But finally he took the flight,
To save himself in Ninive;
Then sledged they that great City,
Continually two years and more,
As writeth famous Diodore;
Till that the flod of Euphrates
Arose with such a furiousnes,
Wherethrough the most part of the town,
By violence was beaten down.
Then when the King found no remead,
But to be taken, or to be dead,
As men dispaired full of ire,
Caus'd make a furious flaming fire,
And took his gold and jewels all,
With Scepter, Crown, & Robe Royal,
With all his tender servitures,
That of his corps had greatest cures;
Together with his lusty Queens,
And all his wanton Concubins,
And in that fire he did them cast,
Then lap himself in at the last,
Where all were burnt in powder smal,
Thus ended King Sardanapal,
Without any repentance,
As may be seen by this sentence
Here following, which he did endite
Before his death in great despite:
Which is a right ungodly thing,
As ye may see by this dyting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalem noris, præsentibus exple
Delitiis animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I shown with diligence,

The Monarchie of Assyrians,
The which at King Ninus began,
And ended at this wicked man;
And did endure without restreat,
A thousand two hundreth and fourty yeat.
As doth endite Eusebius:
Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities, called *Sodom, Gomorrah, Sebaim, Segor*, and *Adama*, with their whole Regions.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
What noble thing that befel,
During the reign of Assyrians,
which had so long preeminence.
I mean of other Nations,
Under their Dominations.

E. That must be done in terms shote,
Said he; as Stories do report,
Enduring the first Monarchie,
Became that woful misery
Of Sodom, Gomorrhe, & their Region,
As Scripture doth make mention.
Whose people were so sensual
In filthy sins unnatural,
The which into this vulgar verse,
My tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutal beasts out of their minds,
unnaturally abused their kinds,
By filthy stinking lecherie,
And most abominable sodomie,
As holy Scriptures do deserive.
In that Countrey were Cities five,

Whi

Which were Sodom and Gomorrha,
Seboim, Segor, and Adama:
Amongst them all found there was none
Undefiled, but Lot alone.
Now Abraham dwelt near hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectually:
For God made him advertisement,
That he would make such punishment:
To Lot two Angels God did send,
Him from that fury to defend,
When the people of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken,
And abuse them unnaturally,
With their foul sinking sodomy.
Of that thing Lot was wonder wo
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to use;
But they his daughters did refuse:
And then the Angels with their might
These men deprived of their sight,
And so perforce left them alone,
From Lots lodging when they were gone.
They him commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural lecchery,
A vengeance from the heaven did cry.
The which did move God to such pre,
That from the heaven brimstone and fire,
With awful thundring rained down,
And did consume that whole Region.
Of all that land escaped no mo,
Except Lot, and his daughters two.
His wife was turned into a Stone,

So wifeleſs was he left alone;
For ſhe was inobedient,
And kept not the commandement,
When the Angels gave them command,
Soon to depart out of that land:
They charged them under great pain,
Never to look backward again.
When Lots wife heard the thundering
Of flaming fire, and the lightning,
The woful cryes lamentable
Of people moſt eponventable:
For none of them had force to flie,
She yearn'd that ſorrowful ſight to ſee;
And as ſhe turned her anon,
She was transformed in a ſtone,
Where ſhe remaineth to this day:
Of her I have no more to ſay.
To ſhow at length I am not able,
That piteous proceſs lamentable;
How Cities, Caſtles, Towns and towres,
Villages, baſtaſtyes and bowres,
They were all into powder driven:
Forefts by the roots up riven:
Their King, their Queen, their people all;
Young and old burnt in powder ſmal.
No creature was left alive,
Fowles, beaſts, man nor wife,
The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits and trees:
The children on the nurſes knees.
Right ſuddenly in an inſtant
Unwarily came that judgement,
As it was in the time of Noy,
When God did all the world deſtroy;
And for the ſelfſin of Sodomie,
And moſt abominable bougerie,

That vice at length for to declare,
I think it now not necessare.
When all was burnt, flesh, blood and bones,
The hills, valleys, flocks and stones;
The Countrey sank: for to conclude,
Where now there stands an ugly flood,
The which is called, The dead sea.
Next to the Countrey of Indie:
Whose stinking strands black as tar,
The sewer of it men feels on far.
Into Orantius thou mayst read,
Of that Countrey the length & bread;
Of length fifty myles and two,
And fourteen myles of breadth also.
Lot of his wife was so agast,
That to a Mountain wild he past.
Of company he had no mo,
Except his lusty daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moses makes narration,
Alone into that Mountain wild,
His daughters two he got with child.
For they belee'ved in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought
As it became that Nation:
Thinking that generation
Would fail, except they craftily
Caus'd their father with them to ly:
And so they found a crafty wile,
How they their father might beguile,
And caused him to drink bright wine,
Which men to lecchery doth incline:
When he was full and fallen on sleep,
His daughters quietly did creep
Into his bed full secretly,

Prouoking him with them to lye
He knew not how he was beguil'd,
Till both his daughters were with child,
And bare two sons in certain,
They being in that wild mountain,
Of whom two Nations did proceed,
As in the Scriptures thou mayst read:
In the which Scripture thou mayst see
At length this woful misorie.
This misery became but wear,
From Noes flood three hundreth year,
Together with four score and eleven,
As counteth Carion full even.
And after Noahs death, I gess,
One and fourty years there was:
When Abraham was of age I ween,
Four score of years and nineteen;
Then this foul sin of sodomy
Was punished so rigorously.
Great God preserve us in our time,
That we commit not such a crime.
Tedious it were for me to tell,
This Monarchy during what befell,
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
which to my purpose longeth nought:
As home the people of Israel
Did long time into Egypt dwell;
And of their great povertie,
Through Pharaohs persecution;
And how Moses did them convay
Through the red sea with marble foy:
Where King Pharaoh most miserably
Was drowned with his budge army:
And how that people wandring was,
Fourty years in wilderness.

Moses

Moſes that time, as I heard ſay,
Receiued the Law on Mount Sinay.
That time Joſua from Jordan,
Led the people to Canaan;
Where Saul, Dauid, and Solomon,
With Hebrew Kings many one,
Did richly reign in that Countrie,
Enduring this firſt Monarchie.
The ſiedge of Thebes miſerable,
Where blood was ſhed incomparable,
Of noble men into thoſe dayes,
With other terribles aſtrays.
As how the Greeks wrought vengeance
Vpon the noble Troyans;
Becauſe that Paris did conuoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troy,
Which was King Menalaus wife,
Where many a thouſand loſt their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Throughout the world did him addreſſe,
Where he did many a doughty deed,
As in his ſtory thou may'ſt reade:
And how through Deianire his wife,
That Champion did loſe his life,
In flamming fire full furiouſly,
The death he ſuffered cruelly.
That time Remus and Romulus
Did found that City moſt famous
Of Rome, ſtanding in Italie,
As in their Story thou may'ſt ſee.
Wouldſt thou read Titus Liuius,
Thou ſhouldſt find workes wonderous,
whoſe worthy deeds are well kend,
And ſhal be to the worlds end,
Though they began with cruelty.

And ended with great misery;
As been the matter, to conclude,
Of all theduers of guiltiels blood.
In Greece the ornate Poetrie,
Medicine, Mustek, Astronomie,
During the first Monarchie began,
By Homerus that famous man:
Together with Hesiodus,
As diuers Authors showeth us.
It were too long to put in rime,
The Books that they wrote in their time.
These were the acts principal,
That Monarchie during which befel.
As for good Abraham and his seed,
Into the Bible thou mayst read,
How in his time, as I hear tell,
Began the Kingdom Spirituel
As I have shewn to thee before;
Wherefore of them I speak no more.

A short description of the second, third and fourth Monarchie.

Father, said I which was the mark,
That the next Monarchie began?
E. Cyrus, said he, the King of Perse,
As Chronicles hath done reherse,
Prudent and full of policy,
Began the second Monarchie:
For he was the most godly King,
That ever in Perse or Medes did reigne:
For he of his benignity,
Delivered from captivity
The whole people of Israel,
Into the time of Daniel;
The which had been prisoners
In Babylon full twenty years.

Therefore God of his grace benign,
Gave him a divine knowledging,
During his time, as I hear tell,
He used counsel of Daniel.
Carion at length doth specifie
Of his marvelous nativitie,
And of his vertuous upbringing,
And how he banquisht Cresus King,
With many other valiant deed,
As into Carion thou mayst read.
Whose succession did endure
To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
But after his great conquesting,
Right miserable was his ending,
As Herodotus doth describe:
In Scythia he lost his life,
Where the undanted Scythians,
Banquisht the noble Persians.
And after that Cyrus was dead,
Queen Tomyre hacked off his head,
Which was the Queen of Scythians,
In despite of the Persians.
She cast his head, for to conclude,
Into a vessel full of blood,
And said these words right cruelly:
Drink thou thy fill, if thou be dry;
For thou didst ay blood-shedding thirst,
Now drink at leasure, if thou list.
After that Cyrus succession
Of all the world had possession,
Alexander with sword and fire,
Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
Which was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Greeks many one:
In battel fell and furious,

Vanquiſhe the mighty Darius,
Which was the tenth and the laſt King,
Which did after King Cyrus reign:
As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conqueroure,
If thou at length woulde read his reign,
And of his cruel conqueſting,
In Engliſh tongue, in his great buk,
At length his life there thou mayſt luk
How Alexander that potent King,
Was twelve yeares in his conqueſting:
And how for all his great conqueſt,
He lived but one year in reſt,
When by his ſervant ſecretly,
He poyſon'd was full piteouſly,
Vulcan and Alexander compare
To thunder or fire-laught in the aire:
A cruel Planet, a mortal wierd,
Down thringing people with his ſwoyd.
Ganges that maſt famous flud,
He mired with the Indeans blood,
And Euphrates with the blood of Perſe:
Whoſe cruelty for to rehearſe,
And guiltleſs blood which he did ſhed,
Were right abominable to be read.
After his ſhort proſperity,
He died with great miſery.
It were too long to be deſcrived,
How all their Realms were divided
All while that Cefar Julius,
When he had vanquiſht Pompeius,
Was choſen Emperour and King,
Above the Romans for to reign.
That potent Prince was the firſt man,
Which the fourth Monarchie began,

And

And had the whole dominion
Of every Land and Region,
Whose fame and flours did reign but were
Over the world many hundreth year:
But gentle Julius Cæsar
Reign'd Emperour but little space,
Which I think pity to be lore,
In five moneths and little more,
By false extortant treason,
That prudent Prince was trapen down.
And murthed in the Counsel-house
By cruel Brutus and Cassius.
After that Julius was slain,
Did reign the great Octavian
Of Emperours one of the best
During his time was peace and rest
Over all the world in each Region,
As Stories doth make mention.
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the time of Octavian
The Son of God our Lord Jesu
Took mankind of the Virgin true,
And was that time in Bethlem born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
As Scripture makes narration,
Of his best incarnation.
Now have I told thee as I can,
How the fourth Monarchie began:
But in thy mind thou mayst consider,
How worldly power hath been but fadder:
For all their great Empires are gone;
Thou seest there is no Prince alone
Which hath the whole Dominion
This time of every Region.

E. Father, what reason had their kings;

Rob. to

Robbers to be of others Reigne,
But any right and iust quarrell,
Where through that they might make battell,
And common people to bowe tything?
To this, said I, make answering.

B. My Sonne, saide he, ryme that be paste,
As I best can, and that right fast,
These Monarchies I understande,
Preordinate were by commaund
Of God the Sauiour of all,
For to bowe tything, and to make thrall
Vndaunted people vitterly,
And eke for to be gracious
Vnto them which becomme were vnto god,
As Daniel hath done conclude
At length into his Prophecies,
How there shal be four Monarchies:
His second chapter thou mayst se,
Made after the first Monarchie,
Wherin Nebuchadonozor King,
An Image saw in his sleeping,
Mikle auster lok, both high and broad,
And of fine pure gold was his head:
His breast and armes of siluer bright,
His wombe of copper, hard and wight:
His loins & limbs of yron right strong:
His fet of clay, ytou mist among.
From the Mountain there came alone,
Without mens hands, a full great stone,
Which on that figures feet did fall,
And dang all down in powder small,
Of whose interpretation,
Doctors do make narration.
The head of gold doth signifie,
First the Assyrians Monarchie:

The

The silver breast they do apply
To Persians which rang secondly:
The womb of copper, or of brass,
Thirdly to Greeks prepared was.
His loins and thighs of iron and steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The Romans through their diligence,
To have the fourth preeminence
Above each other Nation,
By this interpretation.
The mixed feet with yron and clay,
Do signifie the latter day,
When that the world shal be divided,
As afterward shal be decided.
So Christ is signified the stone,
Whose Monarchie shal never be gone:
For under his dominion,
All Princes shal be trodden down.
When that great God Omnipotent,
Come to his general Judgement.
His Monarchie shal then be known,
And after shal be to thee shown.
And as the Scripture shal thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
He saw into his vision,
By a plain exposition.
How that the Greeks should work vengeance
upon the Medes and Persians;
Comparing the Greeks unto a goat
With an horn fierce, furious and hote,
Which kill'd the rams with horns two:
Compar'd the Perse and Mede also.
And so by Daniels Prophesies,
All their great mighty Monarchies.
The which all other Realms supplied,

By

By the great God that made all things
As he of Titus the Romane
Son and heir to Vespasian
Made him a furious instrument
To put the Jews to great torment
Which I suppose, ere I longer tarry
Shortly that purpose is to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible destruction of Jerusalem.

FAther, said I, declare to me
Enduring the fourth Monarchie
The most infortune that befell
E. My Son, said he, that that I tell
The most and manifest misery
Became upon that great City
Jerusalem, when it was suppressed,
As Stories do make manifest
But as the Scripture doth devise
Jerusalem was destroyed twice:
First for their great Idolatries
Which they committed in Jurie
The honour ought to God alone
They gave to figures of Tree and Stone
Before Christs Incarnation
Came this first desolation
Five hundreth years fourscore and ten
In Chronicles as thou mayst ken
How Nebuchadonozor king
That famous City did down bring
Their king with people many one
Brought them all bound to Babylon
Where they remained prisoners
The space of threescore and ten years.
And that first desolation,
was called, the Transmigration.

Was no man left into their [illegible]
But pay ſaid labouring with their hands
Till mighty Cyrus King of Per[illegible]
As Daniel hath done reherſe
Was moved by God for to reſtore
The Jews where they dwelled before,
If I neglect I were to blame
The laſt ſledge of Jeruſalem
Whoſe ruine was moſt miſerable,
And for to tell right terrible:
Was never in earth city nor town,
Got ſuch extream deſtruction
The towns of Tyre, Thebe, nor Troy,
They never ſuffered half ſuch anoy
The Emperour Veſpaſian,
He did deviſe that ſiege certain
There was the Prophecie complete,
Which Chriſt ſpake on the Mount Olivet,
when he Jeruſalem beheld
The tears from his eyes diſtild,
Seeing by divine preſcience
The great deſtruction and vengeance
Which was to come on that City,
His heart was pierced with pity,
Saying: Jeroſalem if thou knew
The great ruine for thee ſhould enſue
For ought that I can ſee
The verity thou will not know
Nor haſt in remembrance
Thine holy viſitation:
Thy people will no way conſider
Whom gathered I would have together
As wandring Sheep are without herds,
Or as the hen gathereth her birds
Under her wings right tenderly,

which

Which they refused despitefully:
Wherefore shal come that dreadful day,
That no remedy make you may.
Thy dungeons shal be rung asunder,
So all the world shal at thee wonder.
Thy Temple now most triumphant,
Shal be trod down amongst the sand.
And as he said, so it befell,
As hereafter I shal thee tell.

C. Show me, said I, with circumstance,
The special cause of that mischance.

E. Said he: As Scripture doth conclude,
For shedding of the guiltless blood
Of Prophets which God to them sent;
And che because that they misknew
Jesus the son of God soveraign,
When he amongst them did remain:
For all the miracles that he shew,
Wilfully they him misknew:
Though by his great power divine,
The water clear he turned to wine:
And by the self same power and might,
To the blind born he gave the sight:
And gave the crooked men their feet,
And made the leper whole compleat,
He healed all, and raised the dead,
Yet hold they him at mortal feud,
Because he shew'd the basilisk
They did conclude that he should die.
The Bishops Princes of the Priests,
They grew so bolden in their braids:
The Scribes and Doctors of the Law,
Of God nor man they stood no aw,
On Christ Jesus to work vengeance.
Right so the false Pharisians,

Next

A Sect of fained Religion,
Devised his confusion,
And sent their servants at the last,
And with strong cords they bound him fast:
Then scourged him both back and syde,
That none for blood might see his hide:
There was not left a penny bryde
Unwounded from his feet to head.
In manner of derision,
They plat on him a cruel crown
Of pricking thorn sharp and long,
Which on his heavenly head they thrung.
Then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
Bear his own gallows on his back,
To the vile place of Calvarie,
Where many a thousand man might see:
That Innocent they rush perforce,
And plat him backward to the Tree:
Through feet and hands great nails they thrust,
Till blood abundantly out-burst;
Without grudging, clamour, or cry,
That pain he suffered patiently:
And for augmenting of his grieves,
They hanged him between two theeves:
Where men might see the bloody strands,
Which sprang forth from his feet and hands;
From thorns thrusted on his head,
Ran down buttering streams red;
In the presence of many a man,
That blood Royal on roches ran.
Shortly to say, that heavenly King,
In extream dolour there did hing,
Till he said: Consummatum est,
With a loud cry he gave the Ghaist.
When he was dead, they took a bare

And

And pierced that King through the heart.
From whom there came water and blood:
The earth then trembled to conclude,
Phebus did hide his beams bright,
That through the world there was no light:
The great vail of the Temple rave,
The dead men rose out of their grave,
And in the City did appear,
As in the Scripture thou mayst hear:
Then Joseph of Arimathie,
Did bury him right honestly;
But yet he rose full gloriously
On the third day triumphantly:
With his Disciples in certain,
Fourty dayes he did remain,
After to the Heaven he ascended,
The Jews nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credit to his saws,
As at more length the Storie shows:
But cruelly they did oppress
All men that Christs name did profess,
And persecutes many one
They pyson'd both Peter and John,
And Steven they stones to the head dashed
From James the head they broke the head:
This was the cause in conclusion,
Of their cruel confusion.
The prudent Jew Josephus sayes,
That he was present in those dayes;
And in his Work makes mention,
How after Christs ascension,
The space of two and fourty years,
Began these cruel mortal wars,
The second year of Vespasian,
When many nations were slain.

Joseph

Josephus plainly doth conclude,
Was never seen such a multitude,
Before that time into the town,
Which came for their confusion,
Where great infortune so befel,
That all the Princes of Israel
Conveen'd against the time of Pasch;
But to return they had no grace.
The bold Romans with their Chittain
Titus the son of Vespasian,
Their army o'er Judea spred,
Then allmen to the City fled,
Believing there to get reliefe
But all that turned to their mischief;
The Romans leaped them about,
That by no way they might win out,
Sir moneths did that siedge endure,
Where lost were many creatures,
Which there in misery did remain,
Till they were all taken and slain.
During the time of this affaire
Their meat and drink, and all was faire,
For there was such a multitude,
That thousands died for fault of food.
Necessity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, ass, and horse,
Rich men behoved to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold,
Such hunger was without remeed,
The quick behoved to eat the dead.
The filth of privies many a one,
To length their life, they thought it sweet.
The famous Ladies of the Town,
For fault of food they fell in swoun,
When they might get no other meat,

They

They kill'd their proper bairns to eat:
But all for nought despitefully,
Their own souldiers full greedily,
Reft them that flesh most miserable;
And they with mourning lamentable,
For extream hunger yeeld the spirite.
There was the Prophesie compleat,
As Christ before made narration,
The day of his grim passion.
When that the Ladies for him mourned,
Full piteously to them he turned,
And said: Daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own posterity:
Within short time shal come that day,
That Men of this City shal say,
When they are trapped in the snare:
Blest be the womb that never bare.
The barren paps them shal they bliss,
That doleful day, thou shalt not miss.
This Prophesie it came to pass,
That they cry many loud, alace:
Such sorrowful lamentation
Was never heard in that Nation:
Seeing the lusty Ladies sweet,
Dying for hunger on the street:
Their husbands, nor their children,
Might give to them no comforting,
Nor yet relieve them of their harms;
But either dying in others arms.
After this woful indigence,
Amongst them rose such pestilence,
Wherein there died many hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder.
And for final conclusion,
These war-like walls they did ding down.

Prince

Prince Titus with his Chevalry,
With trumpets sound triumphantly,
He entred in that great City.
But to deplore, I think pity,
The painful clamour horrible,
Of wounded folk most miserable.
There was nought else, but take and slay,
For there might no man win away:
The strands of blood ran through the street,
Of dead folk troden under feet.
Old widows in the priests were smor'd:
Young virgins shamefully deflor'd.
The great Temple of Solomon,
With many a curious carved stone,
With perfect pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautiful and wight,
Wherein rich jewels did abound,
They rushed rudely to the ground:
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with extream confusion,
All their great dungeons they bang down.
There bursed were the golden breasts
Of Bishops Princes of the Priests.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the false Scribes and Pharisance:
All their painted hypocrisie,
That time might make them no supplie.
That day they dolefully repented,
That to the death of Christ consented:
Though it was our salvation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltless,
From Abel to Zacharias,
That day upon Jerusalem fell.

But tedious it were to tell,
The great extream confusion,
And of blood such effusion,
Was never slain so many a man,
At one time since the world began:
The Jews that day got their desire,
which they did ask into their ire,
As in the Scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified;
When Ponce Pilate the President,
Said to them: I am innocent
Of the just blood of Christ Jesus.
They cryed: His blood light upon us,
And on our generation:
They got their supplication:
That day with many a careful cry,
Their blood was shed abundantly.
Josephus writeth in his Book,
His Chronicles who list to look,
During that cruel siedge certain,
Were eleven hundreth thousand slain:
Of prisoners were told and seen,
Fourscore thousand and seventeen:
Out of the land they did expel
All the people of Israel;
And for their great ingratitude,
They live yet under servitude.
There is no Jew in my Country,
Which hath one foot of property;
Nor never had without teen wear,
Since this day sixteen hundreth year:
Nor never shal, I to thee shaw,
Till that they turn to Christs Law.
Some sayes, that Jews manifold,
Were thirty for a penny sold,

As

As Judas sold the King of glore,
For thirty pennies, and no more,
After that many were mischieved,
When rebels pull how long they lived
Upon their gold, without an doubt,
They slit their bellies to search it out:
The rest into Egypt they did send
Prisoners to their lives end.
Titus took in his company,
Great number of the most worthy,
With him to Rome they led them bound,
Then cruelly did them confound,
His victory for to decore,
And for augmenting of his glore,
Caus'd put them into publick places,
Where each man might behold their faces,
Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
He caus'd devore them dolefully,
This digh triumphant mighty town,
At Pasch was put to confusion:
Because that in the time of Pasch,
They crucified the King of grace.
Some have this matter done inwite,
More ornately then I can write,
Wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to God be laud and glore.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous Princes, and especially the beginners of the four Monarchies.

NOw have I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandest into terms shore,
And who began the principal Empires,
As Chronicles and Stories do repore:
Wherefore, my Son, I heartily thee exhort,
Perfectly print into thy remembrance,

Of this inconstant worlds the variance.

The Princes of these four great Monarchies,
In their most highest pompe imperial,
Trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
The fraudful world gave to them mortal fals
For their reward, and dark memorials,
Though over the world they had preeminence:
Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May,
Through the reflex of Phebus beams bright,
These great Empires right so are went away:
Gone is their glore, their power, & their might:
Because they were rovers withoutten right,
And blood-shedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began,
Hath often times made Kings instruments
To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his Law were inobedients:
When they had done, performisht his intents,
In danting wrongous people shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the School-master doth make a wand
To daunt and ding the schollers of rude engine,
The which will not studie at his command;
He scourges them, and only to that fine,
That they should to his good counsel incline:
When they obey, appeased in his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of King Pharaoh made an instrument,
Which was the great King of Egyptiance,
His own peculiar people to torment:
That being done, he wrought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through inobedience:

And

And finally he with his great armie,
In the Red sea was drowned valiantly,

Right so of Nebuchadonozor king,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jews to down thring,
When they to God were disobedient:
They reft from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast bystal,
Seven years and more, as writeth Daniel.

Alexander through pitiefull tyrannie,
In years twelve did make his great conquest,
Ay shedding lakelesse blood full cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he took no rest:
In all the world when he was full possest,
In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through poyson strong deceased dolefully.

Duke Hannibal the strong Carthaginne,
The daunter of the Romans pomp and glorie;
By his power were many thousands slain,
As may be read at length in his storie,
At Cannes where he won the victorie:
Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three peaped bushels were of rings found.

Into that mortal battel, I heard sane,
Of the Romans most worthy warriours,
Attour Captains, were fourty thousand slain:
Of whom there was thirty wise Senatours,
And twenty Lords which had been Pretours,
That died each in defence of their Countrie,
And for to hold their Land at libertie.

What reward got the cruel Champion,
When he had slain so great a multitude?
And when the glass of his vain glorie was run,
A shameful death: and shortly to conclude,

This is reward of all shedders of blod:
For he got such extream confusion,
He kill'd himself in drinking strong poyson.

Behold the two most famous Champions;
That is to say, Julius and Pompey.
Which did conquest all earthly Regions,
As well many Lands, as Iles into the sea,
And to the town of Rome caus'd them obey:
For Pompeius subdued the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for state,
Whereby three hundred thousad men were slain:
But Pompeius after that great debate,
He murthered was, the Storie telleth plain:
Then Julius was Prince and Soveraign,
Above the whole world Emperour and King;
But into rest short time endur'd his reign.

For within five moneths, and little more,
Amidst his Lords into the Counsel-house,
He murdred was, what needs process more,
As I have said, by Brute and Cassius.
If thou wouldst know their deeds poluous,
Thou mayst at length go read the Roman Story,
Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of Assyrians,
Of whom king Ninus was first and principal.
Gone is the silver world of Persians.
The copper world of Greeks now thral.
The world of yron, which was the last of all,
Compared to the Romans in their glore,
Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the world of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniel at length hath done indyte:
The great Empires are molten clean away:

Now is the world of dolour and despite:
I see nought else but trouble infinite:
Wherefore, my Son, I make it to thee kend,
This world, I wot, is drawing to an end.

Tokens of dearth, hunger and pestilence,
With cruel wars both by sea and land:
Realm against Realm with mortal violence,
Which signifies the last day even at hand:
Wherefore, my Son, be in thy faith constand;
Raising thine heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life whilst thou hast time & space.

Of the first spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. FAther, is there no Prince reignand,
Which hath the world now at command,
As had the King of Assyrians,
Perse, Greeks, or the Romans,
Who hath now Dominion
Of every Land and Region?

E. There is no Prince, my Son, said he,
That hath the principal Monarchie
Above the world universal,
With whole power Imperial,
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius;
For Orient and Occident,
Were all to them obedient.
Nothwithstanding, I find one King,
Which into Europe now doth reign,
That is the potent Prince of Rome,
Empiring over all Christendom;
To whom no Prince may be compare,
As Canon Laws can declare.
All Princes of the Occident,
Are to his Grace obedient:
For he hath whole power compleat,

Both of the body and the spirit;
Which never had no Prince before,
Except the mighty King of glore.
To Christ he is the great Lieutenand,
In holy Peters seat sittand:
So he is of all Kings King,
Which into Europe now doth reign.
And as the Roman Emperours,
Having the world under their cures,
Had Princes, Knights, & Champions.
Rulers into all Regions,
Upholding their authority,
Using Justice and policy:
Right so, this potent Pope of Rome,
The soveraign King of Christendom,
Hath into every Countrey,
His Princes of great gravity:
In some Countrey his Cardinals,
In their most precious apparels,
Archbishops, Bishops, thou mayst see,
Defending his authoritie:
With other potent Patriarks,
Colledges full of cunning Clarks:
Abbots and Priors, as ye ken,
Principals of Religious men.
Officials with their Procuratours,
Whose longsome laws spoyls the poors.
Arch-deans and Deans of dignity,
Great Doctors of Divinity,
Their Chanters, and their Sacristans,
Their Thesaurers, and their Subdeans,
Legions of Priests seculars:
Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers,
Of diverse Orders many one,
Which longsome were for to oppone;

In

In sundry habits, as ye ken,
Differing from other Christen men.
Fair Ladies of Religion
Professed in every Region.
False Hermits fashioned like the Friers:
Proud Parish Clarks and Pardoners,
Their Gyuters and their Chamberlans,
With their temporal Courtisans:
Thus all the world by land and sea,
His Sanctitude they do obey:
Not only his spiritual Kingdom,
But the great Emperour of Rome,
And Kings of every Region,
That day when they receive the Crown,
They make oath of fidelity,
To defend his authority.
Moreover, with humble reverence,
They make to him obedience,
By themselves, or Ambassadours,
Or other ornate Orators:
Who do gainstand his Majestie,
His laws or his libertie,
Or holds any opinion
Contrare his great Dominion,
Either by way of deeds or words,
Are put to death by fire and swords.
Saint Peter styled was Sanctus,
But he is called Sanctissimus.
His style at length if thou wouldst know,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,
Both in the sixth of Clementin,
His stately style there may be seen.
There thou shalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor man.

C. What is he then, by your judgement?

E. Said he: Me thinks him different,
Far from our soveraign Lord Jesus,
And to his kind contrarious:
For Christ was natural God and man.
C. If he be neither, what is he than?
E. The Canon Law, my Son, said he,
That question will declare to thee.
It doth transcend my rude ingine,
His Sanctitude for to define;
Or to show the authority
Pertaining to his Majesty.
So great a Prince where shalt thou find,
That spiritually may lose or bind:
Nor by whom sins are forgiven,
Be they with his disciples shriven:
Whom ever he binds with his might,
They bounden are in Gods sight:
Whom ever he lose on earth here down,
Are los'd by God in his Region.
As he is Prince of Purgatory,
Delivering souls from pain to glory:
Of that dark dungeon, without doubt,
Whom ever he pleaseth, he takes out.
Our secret sins every year,
We must show to some Priest, or Frier,
And take their absolution,
Or else get no remission:
So by this did they clearly ken,
The secrets of all secular men:
Their secrets we know not at all,
Thus are we to them bound and thral:
What ever their Ministers commands
Must be obey without demands.
Wherefore, my Son, I say to thee,
This is a marvelous Monarchie,

which

Which hath power Imperial,
Both of the body and the soul.
C. Father, said I, declare to me,
who did begin this Monarchie?
E. Said he: Christ Jesus, God and Man,
That Empire graciously began;
Not by fire, nor by the sword,
But by the vertue of his Word;
And left into his Testament
Many a devote document,
Which his successours to be used,
Though many of them be now abused:
For Peter and Paul, with all the rest
Of their brethren, made manifest
The Law of God with true intent,
Preaching the Old and New Testament.
They led their lives in poverty,
Devotion and true humility,
As did their Master Christ Jesus;
And were not half so glorious,
As their successours now in Rome,
Emprying over all Christendom.
After the death of Peter and Paul,
And of Christs true Disciples all,
Their successours within few years,
As at more length the Storie bears,
Right cruelly came to the hight,
From spiritual life to temporal right.
C. Father, ere we pass further more,
When did begin their temporal glore?
E. My Son, said he, thou shalt understand,
Ere ever a Pope got any land,
Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
Received the Croun of Martyrdom;
But not the threefold Diadem.

To wear thrie Crowns they thought great
Till Sylvester the Confessour,
From Constantine the Emperour,
Received the Realm of Italie;
Right so of Rome the great City,
That was the root of their riches.
Then sprang the well of wealthines,
When that the Pope was made a King,
All Princes bowed at his bidding.
This act was done without en wear,
From Christs death thries hundreth year.
Then Lady Sensuality,
Took lodging in that great City,
Where she sensyn hath done remain,
As their awn Lady soverain.
There Kings into all Nations,
Made Priests great foundations:
They thought great merit and honour,
To counterfait the Emperour:
As did David of Scotland King,
The which did found during his reign,
Fifteen Abbayes with temporal lands,
All Withouten tiths and arrands:
By whose holy Simplicity,
He left the Crown in poverty.
Now have I shown thee, as I can,
How their temporal Empire began,
Ascending up ay gree by gree,
Above the Emperours Majestie:
So whenthey got amongst their hands,
Of Italie all the Emperours lands;
After that into each Country,
Sprang up their temporality,
With such great riches, and such rent,
That they gan to be negligent,

In making mitigation
To Christs true Congregation:
And took no more pain in their preaching,
And far less travel in their teaching;
Changing their spiritualitie
In temporal sensualitie.
C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
That their Empire shal long endure?
E. Appearantly it may be deemd,
Said he, their glory shal have an end;
I mean their temporal Monarchie,
Shal turn into humilitie:
Through Gods word, without debate,
They shal turn to their first estate,
As in Daniels Prophesie appears,
Thereto shal not be many years;
Albeit Christs Faith shal never fail,
But more and more it shal prevail,
Though Christs true Congregation
Suffers great tribulation.
C. Father, said I, by what reason,
Think ye their Empire should come down,
Considering their preeminence?
B. Said he, for disobedience,
Abusing the Commandement
Of which Christ left in his Testament,
Using their own traditions,
Contrare Christs institution:
For Christ in his last convention,
The day of his Ascension,
To his Disciples gave command,
That they should pass to every land,
To teach and preach with true entent,
His Law and his Commandement,
No other Office he to them gave;

He did not bid them seek or crave,
Corps, presents, nor offerands,
Nor yet Lordships, nor temporal lands:
But now it may be heard and seen,
Both with thine ears, and eke thine eyn,
How Prelats now in every Land,
Take little cure of Christs commands;
Neither into their deeds nor laws,
Neglecting their own Canon Laws:
Using themselves contrarious,
For the most parte to Christ Jesus.
Christ thought no shame to be a Preacher,
And to all people of truth a teacher:
A Pope, a Bishop, a Cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thrall.
They send forth Friers to teach for them,
Which makes the people mock them for shame,
Christ would not be a temporal King,
Richly into no Realm to reign,
But fled temporal authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see.
All men may know how Pops reigns,
In dignity above all Kings,
As well of temporality,
As into spiritualty,
Thou mayst see by experience,
The Popes Princely preeminence
In Chronicles, if thou list to look,
How Carion writes in his Book
A notable narration,
The year of our salvation
Eleven hundredth and fx and fifty,
Pope Alexander presumptuously,
Which was the third Pope of that name,
Frederick the Emperour he did defame;

In

In Venice that triumphant town,
That noble Emperour he caus'd lay down
Upon his womb with shame and lack,
Then trode his feet upon his neck,
In token of obedience:
There he shew his preeminence,
And caus'd his Clergie for to sing
These words hereafter following:
Super Aspidem, & Basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem. That is,
Thou shalt walk upon the Adder and Cocatrice,
And thou shalt tread down the Lyon & Dragon.
Then said the humble Emperour:
I do to Peter this honour.
The Pope answered with words wroth:
Thou shalt me honour, and Peter both.
Christ for to show his humble spirit,
Did wash his poor Disciples feet;
The Popes Holiness, I wis,
Will suffer Kings their feet to kiss.
Birds had their nests, & tods their den,
But Christ Jesus saver of men,
In earth had not a penny bread,
Whereupon he might repose his head:
Albeit the Popes excellence
Hath Castles of magnificence:
Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
Have pleasant Palaces Royals.
Like Paradise all these pleasant places,
Wanting no pleasure of their faces.
John, Andrew, James, Peter, nor Paul,
Had few houses amongst them all
From time they knew the perfect
They did contemn all pomp[illegible]
And were right pear[illegible]

Of meat and vtind and abulliment.
To saue mankind that was forlorn,
Christ bare a cruel crowne of thorn.
The Pope three crowns for the nons,
Of gold, powdred with precious stones,
Of gold and siluer, I am sure,
Christ Jesus tok but litle cure;
And left nathen pe ywld the spice,
To buy himself a winding-sheet:
But his successour now Pope John,
When he deceased in Avignon,
He left behind him a creature
Of gold and siluer great measure;
By a just computation,
Well five and twenty million,
As doth endite Palmerius;
Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.
Christs Disciples were well known,
Through vertue which was to them shown;
But specially fervent Charity,
Great patience and humility.
The Popes flocks in all Regions,
Are known best by their clipped crowns.
Christ he did honour Patrimonie,
Into the Cane of Galilie,
Where he by his power divine,
Did turn the water into wine:
And eke he chos'd some married men,
To be his servants, as ye ken.
And Peter during all his life,
He thought no sin to have a wife.
He shal not find in no passage,
where Christ forbiddeth marriage;
[illegible] lawful for every man to marry,
[illegible] lacks the gift of Chastity.

The Pope hath made the contrare lawes
In his Kingdom, as all men knawes:
None of his Preists bare marrey wives,
Under the pain even of their lives:
Though they have Concubins fifteen,
Into that case, they are overseen.
What chastity they keep in Rome,
Is well known over all Christendome.
Christ did shew his obedience,
Unto the Emperours excellence,
And caused Peter for to pay
Tribute to Cesar for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To Kings, as the most excellent.
The contrare did the Pope Celestin,
When that his sanctitude soren
Did crown Henrie the Emperour:
I think he did him small honour:
For with his hand he did him crown,
Then with his feet the Crown flung down,
Saying: I have auctority,
Men to exalt to dignity,
And to make Emperours and Kings,
And then depryve them of their reigns.
Peter by mine opinion,
Did never use such dominion:
Appearantly by my judgement,
This Pope read never the New Testament:
If he had learned at that lore,
He had refused such vain glore:
As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
And right so Christs Disciples all.
The Captain Cornelius,
When Saint Peter came to his house,
To worship him fell at his feet:

But Saint Peter with humble spryte;
Did raise him up with diligence,
And did refuse such reverence.
Right so Saint John th'Evangelist,
The Angels feet he would have kist,
And he refused such honour,
Saying: I am but servitour,
And eke thy fellow and thy brother:
Give glore to God, and to none other.
And likewise Barnabas and Paul,
Such honour did refuse at all,
In Listra where they wrought great works:
The Preests of Jupiter and his Clerks,
And all the people with their advise,
Would have made to them sacrifice;
Of which they were so discontent,
That they their clothing rave & rent;
And Paul amongst them rudely ran,
Saying: I am a mortal man:
Give glory to God of Kings King,
That made heaven, earth, and every thing.
Since Peter and John vain glore refused,
With Popes why should vain glore be used?
Peter, Andrew, John, James and Paul,
And Christs true Disciples all,
By Gods word they so lately defended:
To burn and scald they never pretended.
The Pope defends his traditions,
By flaming fire without remissions:
Albeit men break the Law divine,
They are not put to so great pine,
For whoredom, nor violatie,
For incest, nor adulterie;
Or when young virgins are deflored,
For such things men are not abhorred;

But

But who that eats flesh into Lent,
Are terribly put to torment:
And if a Priest happen to marry,
They do him banish, curse and warie;
Though it be not against the Law
Of Gods, as men may clearly know,
Betwæn these two what difference bæn,
By faithful folk it may be sæn.
Such Antetheses many mo,
I might declare, which I let go:
I may not tary to compile
Of each Order the flately stile:
The silly Nuns will think great shame,
Except they called be, Madam:
The poor Priest thinks he gets no right,
Be he not stiled like a Knight.
And called Sir, before his name,
As Sir Thomas, and Sir William,
All Monks, as ye may hear and sæ,
Are called Deans, for dignitie:
Albeit his mother milk the kow,
He must be called, Dean Androw,
Dean Peter, Dean Paul, Dean Robert:
With Christ they take a painful part,
With double cloathing from the cold,
Eating and drinking when they would.
With curious coutering in the Quier:
God knows if they buy heaven full dear.
My Lord Abbot right venerable,
Ay marshalled upmost at the table:
My Lord Bishop right reverent,
Sit above Earls in Parliament:
And Cardinals during their reigns,
Fellows to Princes and to Kings:
The Pope exalted in honour,

Above

Above the potent Emperour.
The proud Parson I think truly,
He leads his life right lustily:
For why? he hath no other pyne,
But takes the tythe, and spends them fyne:
But he is oblisht by reason
To preach unto his parishon:
Though they lack preaching seventeen year,
He will not lack a peck of beare:
Some Parson hath at his command
The wanton wenches of the Land:
Als they have great prerogatives,
That they may part ay with their wives,
Without divorce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding,
Some would think it a lusty life,
Ay when he list to change a wife,
And take another of more beauty,
But seculars lack that liberty,
The which are bound in marriage,
But they like rams into their rage
Unpitied, runs amongst the ewes,
So long as nature in them grows:
And ere the Vicar, as I trow,
He will not fail to take a plough
And upmost clouth (though babes them ban)
From a poor silly husband-man,
When that he lyeth for to die,
Having small children two or three;
That hath their kine without teen man,
The Vicar must have one of them,
With the gray cloak that laps the bed:
Albeit that he be poorly cled,
And if his wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes should be forlorn,

The

The other how he cleeks away,
With the puir coat of raploch gray:
And if within two years or thrie
The eldest child happen to die,
Of the thirty kow he will be sure.
When he hath all them under cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg must the babes without remead:
They hald the corps at the Kirk-stile,
And there it must remain a while,
Till they get sufficient soberty,
For their Church-right and duty.
Then comes the Lands-lord perforce,
And cleeks to him an heired horse.
Puir labourers would that laws were down,
Which never founded was by reason:
I heard them say under confession,
That law was brocher to oppression.
My son, I have shown as I can,
How the fifth Monarchie began.
Whose great Empire for to report,
At length this time been all too short.

A short description of the Court of Rome.

FAther, said I, what rule keep they in Rome,
Which hath spirituall Dominion,
And Monarchis above all Christendom?
Show me, I make you supplication.
E. My son, would I make true narration,
Said he, to Peter and Paul though they succeed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.
For Peter, Andrew and John, were fishers fine,
Of men and women to the Christian Faith:
But they have syred their net with hook and line,
On rents, riches, on gold and other graith,
Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.

For

For why? they have fished over-thwart strands,
And great part truly of all temporal lands.
With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
For the upholding of their dignities;
So been their fishing very profitable,
On the dry land, as well as on the seas, (tries,
Their herry water they spred over all the Coun-
And with their hose-net dayly draws to Rome,
The most fine gold that is in Christendom.
I dare well say, within this fifty year,
Rome hath received forth of this Region,
For Buls and benefices which they buy ful deer,
That might ful wel have payed a Kings ransom.
But were I worthy for to wear a Crown,
Priests should no more our substance so consume
Sending yearly so great riches to Rome.
Into their tramelt-net they fang'd a fish
More then a whale, worthy of memory:
Of whom they had many a dainty dish.
By which they are exalted to great glory.
That marvelous monster, called Purgatory:
Albeit to us it be not amiable,
It hath to them been very profitable.
Let they that fruitful fish escape their net,
For which they have so great commodities:
A more fat fish, I trust they shal not get,
Though they should search out through the Ocean
Adew, the dayly dolorous dirigies, (seas.
Silly poor Priests may sing with heart full sory,
Lack they that painful palace Purgatory.
Farewel Monkry, with Thanon, Nun & Frier:
Alace, they will be lightlied in all lands:
Cowls wil no more be known in church or quier,
Let they that fruitful fish escape their hands.

I counsel you to bind him fast in bands;
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could never get
So profitable a fish into their net.

Their merchandise into all Nations,
As printed lead their wax and their parchment,
Their pardons and their dispensations,
They do exceed some temporal Prince's rent.
In such traffick they are not negligent:
Of Benefice they make good merchandise,
Through simony, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly:
Of that command they take but little keep;
But Christs sheep they spoil piteously,
And with the wool they cloath them curiously:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
They eat their flesh, and drink both milk & blood.

For their Office, they serve but little pyze:
I think such Pastours are not worth to prise,
Which cannot guide their sheep about the myre:
They are so busie in their merchandise,
Though Peter was porter of Paradise,
That pleasant passage craftily they close:
Through them right few gets entress, I suppose.

Christ Jesus said, as Matthew doth report:
Wo be to Scribes, and to Pharisance,
The which did close of paradise the port:
Of them we have the same experience:
To enter there they make small diligence:
They take such care of temporal business;
Right so from us they stop the plain entress.

The spiritual keys that Christ to Peter gave,
Their colour with smoke and rust are faded:
Unexercised they hold them in their neive:

Of that Office they serue to be deryded
With Gods word, except that they amend it, (sir
Opening the port which long time hath ben cl
That we may enter with them, & be reioyced.

Contrare to Christs institution,
To them that dies in habite of a Frier,
Rome hath them granted full remission,
To pass to heuē straightway withoutten wear
Which been in Scotland used many a year.
Is there such vertue in a Friers hood?
I think to vain Christ Iesus shed his blood.

Would God, the Pope who hath preeminence,
With aduise of his Counsels general,
That they would make their vedfull diligence
That Christs Law might bee keeped aboue all,
And truely preached both to great and small:
And giue to them spirituall authority,
Which can perfitly shew forth the verity.

Who cannot preach, a Priest should not be n
As many be prouen by the Law diuine: (me
And by the Canon Law they are defamed,
That take Priest-hood, but only to that fine:
To all vertue their hearts they should incline;
In special to preach with true intents,
And minister the needful Sacraments.

As for their Nonns, their Channons, and the
And lusty Ladies of Religion; (Frier
I know not whereto their Office effeers:
But men may see their great abusion:
They are not like into conclusion,
Neither into their words, nor their works,
To the Apostles, Prophets, nor Patriarks.

If presently these Prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop haue a Suffragan.

Or ſucceſſour who can the people teach,
On their expenſes yearly to remain;
To cauſe the people from their vice refrain:
And when a Prelate happens to decreaſe,
Then put a perfect Preacher in his place.

Do they not ſo, on them ſhal ly the charge,
Giving unable men authority;
As who would make a ſtire-man to a barge,
Of one blind-born which can no danger ſee:
If that ſhip drown, forſooth I ſay for me,
Who gave the ſtire-man ſuch commiſſion,
Should of the ſhip make reſtitution.

The humane Laws that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the Law divine,
They ſhould expel, and hold them odious,
When they perceive them come to no good fine,
Inventen but by ſenſual mens engine:
As that law which forbiddeth marriage,
Cauſing young Clarks burn into luſts rage.

Full hard it is Chaſtity to obſerve,
Without great grace and abſtinence:
Into our fleſh ay reigneth ſtill we ſterve,
That firſt original ſin, concupiſcence:
Which we through Adams diſobedience
Have done incur, and ſhal endure forever,
Till that our ſoul and body death diſſever.

Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In Paradiſe, as Scripture doth record,
In Galilee, right ſo I underſtand,
Was marriage honoured by Chriſt our Lord:
Old Law and New, thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had ſleeped,
Then to have made a Law, and never keeped.

Look not Chriſt Jeſus hy manity

Of

Of a Virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her flesh clad his Divinitie:
Why have they done this blessed bond defeated
In their Kingdome: would God it were corrected
That young Priests might marry lusty wives
And not in sensual lust to lead their lives.

Did not Christ chose of honest married men,
As well as they had kæped chastity,
For to be his Disciples, as ye ken,
As in the Scripture clearly thou mayst sée:
They kæped still their wives with honesty:
As Peter, and his spoused brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.

But now appears the Prophesie of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age,
That from the true Faith should depart and fall,
And some forbid the bond of marriage.
As thou shalt find into that same passage,
They should cómand from meats for to obstain,
Which God creat his people to sustain.

But since the Pope our spiritual Prince and King,
He doth over-sée such vices manifest,
And in his Kingdom suffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is suppress:
I excuse not himself more nor the rest.
Alace, how should we members be well used,
When this our spiritual heads are abused?

The famous ancient Doctor Avicen,
Sayes, when ill rheum descendeth from the head,
Into the members genders mœble pain;
Except there be made hastily remead,
When the cold humor doth therefrom proceed;
In sinews it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands of Chiragra,

Of maladies it gendres many mo,
Except men get some soveraign preserve,
As in his thighs Sciatica passio;
And in the breast sometimes the strong catarre,
Which causeth men right hastily to sterve:
And Podagra right difficile for to cure
In mens feet, which long time doth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heir ship over all Christendom,
And to the world an evil exemplare;
That sometime was lead-star and luminare,
And the most sapient seat of sanctitude;
And now, alace! bare of beatitude.

Their Kingdom may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Jerusalem,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle John.
Their most famous City hath lost the fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why? they have of Saints the habitacle,
Lo Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible hail of every kind of vice,
A loathly loch of stinking lecherie,
A cursed cave, corrupted with covetice;
Bordered about with pride and simonie:
Some say, a cistern full of sodomie:
Whose vice in special, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the air.

Of truth the whole Christian Religion,
Through them is scandalized and offended:
It cannot fail, but their abusion,
Before the Throne of God it is ascended.
I dread but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of John his Revelation,

Shal

Shal fall upon their generation.
O Lord, which hath the heart of every King
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication;
Convert that Court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general Reformation
Amongst themselves in every Nation,
That they may be an holy example
To us thy poor Latick common popular.
Hungred, alace! for fault of spiritual food,
Because from us is hid the verity:
O Prince, that shed for us his precious blood;
Kindle in us the fire of Charity,
And save us from eternal misery;
Now labouring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making mention of the Death of the *Antichrist*, of the general Judgement, &c.

With an Exhortation by *Experience* to the *Courteur*.

C. PRudent Father, Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused me for to consider,
How worldly pomp and glore been slidder,
By diverse Stories miserable,
which to rehearse been lamentable:
Yet ere we pass out of this vale,
I pray you, give me your counsel.
What shal I do in time coming,
To have the glore everlasting?
E. My Son, said he, set thine intent

To

To keep the Lords Commandements,
And preats thee not to climb above
To no worldly authority,
Who in this world do most rejoice,
Are fardest ay from their purpose,
Wouldst thou leave worldly vanities,
And think on four extremities,
Which are certaine, and that shortly
Thou wouldst never sin wilfully,
Print truely time in thy mounding,
Death, the Hell, and Heavens glory,
And extream Judgement generall,
Where thou must render a count of all,
Thou shalt not fail to be content,
Of quiet life and lower rent,
Considering no man can be sure
In earth one hour for to endure:
So all the worldly prosperity
Is mixed with great misery.
Where thou Emperour of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great dominatour of the sea,
And though the heavens did thee obey,
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All beasts and fowls at thy command,
Concluding thou were King above
Under the heavens imperial,
In that most high authority,
Thou shouldst find less tranquility
Example of King Solomon,
Whose precious life pay never none:
Such riches with so great pleasure,
Had never King nor Emperour,
With most profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience.

His pleasant habitations,
Preceded other Nations:
Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
Stanks with fishes of diverse kinds:
Most profound Masters of Musick,
That in the world was none them like:
Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
In earth had never no King at once.
He had seven hundreth lusty Queens:
And three hundreth fair lusty Concubins,
In earth there was no thing pleasand,
Contrarious to his command;
Yet all his great prosperity,
He thought it pain and vanity,
And never found repose compleat,
Without affliction of the spirit.
C. Father, said I, it marvels me,
He having such prosperitie,
With so great riches above measure,
For he had infinite pleasure.
E. My Son, said he, if thou wouldst know,
The verity I shall thee show:
There is no worldly thing at all,
May satisfie a mans soul;
For it is so insatiable,
That heaven and earth may not be able
A soul alone for to content,
Till it see God Omnipotent:
It Was never none, nor never shall be
Satiate, that fight till that he see.
Wherefore, my Son, set not thy cure
In earth where nothing can be sure,
Except the death alonerly,
Which follows men continually:
Therefore, my Son, remember thee,

Within short time that thou must die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what place;
But as it pleaseth the King of grace.

Of Death.

OF miseries most miserable,
Is death, and most abominable:
That dreadful Dragon with his darts,
Ay ready for to pierce the hearts,
Of every creature on live:
Contrare whose strength may no man strive.
Of dolent Death this sore sentence,
Was given through disobedience
Of our Parents: alace, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their posterity,
Were all condemned for to dy:
Albeit the flesh to death be thral,
God hath the soul made immortal;
And so of his benignity,
Hath mixt his justice with mercy:
Therefore call to rememberance,
Of this false world the variance,
How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
Are travelling through this vale of sorrow;
Sometime in vain prosperity,
And sometime in great misery:
Sometime in bliss, sometime in bail,
Sometime right sick, and sometime hail:
Sometime full rich, and sometime poor:
Wherefore, my Son, take little cure,
Neither of great prosperity,
Nor yet of greater misery:
But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
Ponder them both in one ballance;
Considering none other authority;

Riches, willdom, nor dignity,
Empire of Realms, beauty, nor strength,
Pay not one day our liues length:
Since we are sure that we must dye,
Farewel all vain felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
Of dolent death the diuerse kind:
Though death to euery man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry sorts:
Some by gote fevers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence,
Some by iustice execution,
Been put to death without remission.
Some hanged, some do lose their heads,
Some burnt, some fooson into leads:
And some for their unlawful acts,
Are rent and riuen on the racks.
Some are distil'd by poyson,
Some on the night are murthered odour:
Some fals into phrensies,
Some dies in a lethargie,
And other strange infirmities,
Wherein many a thousand dies,
Which humane nature doth abhorre:
As in the gut, gratel and gowt,
Some in the flux and feuer quotidian,
But ey the hour of death is uncertain.
Some are distil'd by apoplexy,
By cathare or by palsy:
Some do destroy their self, and also;
As Hannibal and wise Cato.
By thunder death doth them consume,
As he did that Tuscan King of Rome,
Called Tullus Hostilius,
As writeth great Valerius;

For he and his houshold at once,
Were burnt by thunder, flesh & bones.
Some dieth by extream excess
Of joy, as Valerie doth express,
Some by extream melancholie,
With die but other maladie.
In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
How many hundreth thousand men
Are slain, since first the world began,
In battel, and how many a man,
Upon the seas do lose their lives,
When that ships upon the rocks rives:
Though some dies naturally through age,
Far mo dies raving in a rage.
Happy is he the which hath space,
At his last hour to cry for grace.
Albeit death be abominable,
I think it should be comfortable
To them of the faithful number;
For they depart from care and cumber,
From trouble, travel, hurt and strife,
To joy and everlasting life.
Polidorus Virgilius,
To that effect he writeth thus:
In Thrace when any child was born,
Their kin and friends was them before
With dolent lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamity, cumber and cure,
That they in earth are to endure;
But at their death and burying,
They make great joy and banqueting,
That they have past from misery,
To rest and great felicity,
Since death been final conclusion,

What availe worldly prohibition,
When wisdom may not countermand,
Nor strength the stout may not gain-stand?
Ten thousand millions of treasure,
May not prolong thy life one hour;
After whose dolent departing,
Thy spirit shal but tarrying,
Straight-way to joy inestimable,
Or to strong pain intolerable:
Thy vile corrupted carion,
Shal turn to putrifaction,
And so remain in powder smal,
Unto the Judgement general.

A short Description of the Antichrist.

SAid I, Father, I hear men say,
That there shal rise before that day,
Which ye call general Judgement,
A wicked man from Sathan sent,
And contrary the Law of Christ,
Called the cruel Antichrist:
And some sayes, that mischievous man
Discend shal of the Tribe of Dan,
That should be born in Babylon,
The which deceive shal many one.
Infidels shal of every airt,
With that false Prophet take a part;
And how Enoch and Elias,
Shal preach against that false Messias:
But finally his false doctrine,
And he, shal be put to ruine:
But neither by the fire nor sword,
But by the vertue of Gods Word:
And if this be of verity,
The soth, I pray you, shew to me?

E, My Son, said he, as writeth John,

There

There shal not be a man alone,
Hauing that name in speciall,
But Antichrists in generall
Haue been, and now are many one:
And right so in the time of John,
Were Antichrists, as himself sayes,
As presently now in these dayes,
Are right many to recounten haue;
Were their false laws well taught out:
Who was a greater Antichrist,
And more contrarious to Christ,
Then the false Prophet Mahomet,
Which his curst laws made so sweet
In Turkie yet they are observed,
Wherethrough the fell be pacly preserued,
All Turkie, Saracens and Jews,
That in the Son of God not trowes,
Are Antichrists, I that declare,
Because to Christ they are contrare.
Daniel sayes in his Prophecies,
That after these great Monarchies
Shal rise a mischeuous puissant King,
Which wicky a shameful cure shal reigne,
Mighty and wise in vayn speakings,
And prosperous in all pleasant things;
Through his falshod and craftines,
He shal slow inco magistimes,
The godly people ye that nay
By cruel death, and them betray.
The King of Kings shal him gainstand,
Then be destroyed without on hand.
Paul sayes: Before the Lordes coming
That there shal be a departing,
And that [illegible] of Antichrist
To all men ye shal openest be;

Which shal sit on the holy seate
Contrary God to worke and his
But that son of perdition
Shal be put to confusion
By power of the holy spirit
When he his time hath runne compleat.
Beleeue not that in time comming
A greater Antichrist shal reigne
Then there hath been euen presently
Are now, as Cleths can report
Therefore my will is that thou knowe
What euer they be that make the lawe
Though they be called Christian men
By natural reason thou maist know
Be they neuer so great in power
Pope, Cardinal, King or Emperour
Extolling their traditions
Aboue Christs institutions
Making lawes contrarie to Christ
He is a verie Antichrist
And who doth practise or obserue
Such law, I make it no doubt
We be a Pope, Emperour, King or Duke
Great sorrow shal on them come
At Christs supreme Iudgement
Except in time they repent

A short remembrance of the miserable state of the day of Iudgement.

C. FAther, seeing it is your pleasure
Some pastime for to giue me
Yet one thing at your hands I craue
When shal this dreadful day appeare
Which you call Iudgement generall
What things before shal come to passe
Where shal appeare that great Iudge

Or how may faultors get refuge
E. Said he, as to thy first question
I can make no solution
Wherefore perturb not thine intent
To know the day, hour, or moments
To God alone the dayes is knowne
Which never was to Angel shown
Albeit by diverse conjectures
And principal expositures
Of Daniel and his Prophesie
And by the sentence of Elie
Which have declared, as they can,
How long it's since the world began
And for to show have done their cure,
How long they trust it shal endure
And eke how many ages been,
As in their works may be seen
But to declare those questions
There are diverse opinions
Some writs have the world divided
In six ages, as been decided
Into Fasciculis Temporum
And Chronica Chronicorum
And by the sentence of Elie,
The world divided is in three
As cunning Walter Orion
Hath made plain expositon.
How Elie sayes without an weare,
The world shal last six thousand years
Of whom I follow the sentence
And let the other Bookes go hence
From the creation of Adam
Two thousand years to Abraham
From Abraham by this narration
To Christ his Incarnation

Right so hath been fiue thousand years,
As by their Prophesies appears:
From Christ, as they make us kend,
Two thousand years to the worlds end,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thousand six hundreth, ten & thirteen;
And so remains to come but wear,
Three hundreth, threescore and eighteen year.
And then the Lord Omnipotent,
Shal come to his great Judgement.
Christ sayes: The time shal be made short.
As Matthew plainly doth report,
That for the worlds iniquitie,
The latter time shal shortned be,
For pleasure of the chosen number,
That they may pass from care and cumber.
So by this count it may be kend,
The world is drawing neer an end:
For legions are come, no doubt,
Of Antichrists sects they sought out:
And many tokens do appear,
As after shortly thou shalt hear:
How that Saint Jerómie doth endite,
That he hath read in Hebrew write,
Of fifteen signs in special,
Before that Judgement general:
Of some of them I take no cure,
Which I find not in the Scripture.
A part of them though I declare,
First, I will to the Scripture fare:
Christ sayes: Before that day of doom,
There shal be signs of Sun and Moon:
The Sun shal hide his beams bright,
So that the Moon shal give no light:
The glittring stars, by mans judgement,

Shal

Shal fall forth of the firmament.

Of these signs, ere we farther gone,
Some moral sense we must expone;
As cunning Clerks have oft declar'd,
And have the Sun and Mon compar'd,
The Sun to the haly spirituall,
The Mon to Princes temporall,
Right so the stars they do compare,
To laich common populare.
The Mon and stars have no light,
But the reflex of Phebus bright;
So when the Sun of light is dark,
The Mon & stars must needs be mark:
Right so when Prelats spirituals,
Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
In their beginning shewis great light,
The temporal state was rulit right;
But now, alace, it is not so,
Their shining lamps been long ago,
Their radious beams are turn'd to cruik;
For now in earth nothing they seek,
Except riches and dignity,
Following their sensuality.
Many Prelats are now reignand,
The which no more do understand,
What doth pertain to their Office,
Then they can kindle fire with ice.
Wo be to Popes, I say to me,
That suffers such enormity,
That ignorant wretchit creatures
Should in the Church have any cuire.
No marvel though the people tine,
When they have blind men to their guide;
For a Prelate that cannot preach,
Nor Gods Law to people teach,

Eſay compares them in his time,
To a dumb dog that cannot barke:
And Chriſt likeneth all the great,
Vnto a murtherer or a thief.
The cunning
To wolues and beaſts he them
The Canon Law
That of a Prelate
And will not preach
As the decrees
But thoſe that
To prohibite
Might, if
Cauſe them
But euer alace,
So darkned
Were Kings liues
The which are to the
Men might
From charity
I think they
Of Chriſt to take
They liue not like to
But more like
Turks contrary
But Chriſtian
Which ſhould agree
But now each one
I know no reaſonable cauſe
Except pride,
The Emperour
Contrary the puiſſant King of France,
And France right
Contrary his friend the Emperour,
And right is France againſt England,

England

England also against Scotland to fight
And ehe the Scots wittingly their right might
Do fight for to defend their right and
Between the Realms of
Where battels have been many a one
Can be made no affinity
Nor yet no consanguinity
Nor by no way they can consider
That they may have no peace together
I dread these wars make no ending
Till they be both under one King
Though Christ the soveraign King of grace
Left in his Testament and peace
Our Kings from wars will not refrain
Till there be many a thousand slain
Great damnage made by sea and land
As all the world may understand.

C. Father, I think temporal Kings
May fight for to defend their rights
For I have seen the spiritual State
Make war, their rights for to debate.
I saw Pope Julius manfully
Pass to the field triumphantly
With a right ample puissance,
Contrare Lowis the King of France
And for to do him more despite,
He did his Region interdite.

E. My Son, said he, as I suppose,
That belongs well to our purpose,
How Sun and Moon are both endued
Of light, as Clerks do conclude
Comparing them, as poets tells
To spiritual state and temporal
And common people they be compared,
Which to the twain have been compared.

Lastly

Laick people follow vp thole heads,
And specially into the Ie vvorld;
The most part of Religion
Been turned to abusion.
what doth avail Religious vvorde
When they are contrare in their deedes?
What holines is there within
A wolf clad in a vvethers skin?
So by those tokens ouch appere,
The day of Iudgement draweth neare.

Now let us leue this vsual sense,
Pertayning to our purpose hence,
And of this matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The Scripture sayes: After these signes
Shal be seen many marbalous things.
Then shal rise tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here vnder as aboue,
When power of the heauens shal moue;
Such cruel vvars shal be ere than,
Was never since the vvorld began;
The vvhich shal cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger and pestilence;
The horrible sound of the sea,
The people shal perturbed be.
Ierome sayes: It shal rise on hight
Aboue the mountains by mens sight;
But it shal not spread ouer the land,
But like a vvall shal straight up stand,
Then settle down again so low,
That no man shal the vvater know;
Great whales shal rumish, rout & rair,
Whose sound resown shal in the air,
All fish and monsters marbelous,

Shal

Shal cry with sounds odious,
That men shal wither on the eird,
And weeping warie shal their weird,
With loud alace, and well-a-way,
That ever they lived to se that day.
And specially those that dwelling be
Upon the coasts of the sea.
Right so as Jeromie concludis,
Shal be seen ferlies on the floods:
The sea with moving marbelous,
Shal burn with flams furious:
Right so shal burn fountains and flod,
And herbs & trees shal sweat like blood,
Fowles shal fall forth out of the air,
Wild beasts to the plain repair,
And in their manner make their moan,
Howling with many griefly groan.
The bodies of the dead creatures,
Appear shal on their sepultures:
Then shal both men, women and bairns,
Come crying forth of dark caverns,
Where they for dread were hid before,
With sigh and sob, and hearts full sore,
wandring about as they were wood,
Affamished for fault of food:
None may make other comforting,
But double grief and lamenting.
What may they do but weep and wonder,
When they se rocks shake all asunder,
Through trembling of the earth and quaking:
Of sorrow then shal be no slaking.
They that are living in those dayes,
May tell of terrible affrayes:
Then riches, rents, and great treasure,
That time may do them final pleasure:

But

[illegible]en such wonders be appeare,
[illegible]ay be sure that day draweth neare.
The just men shal pass to the glorie,
Unjust to pain for ever more.

C. Father, said I, we haply read
An article into our Creed,
Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
Into that generall Judgement
Shal judge both quick and dead also:
Wherefore declare me ere I go,
If there shal any man or wife
That day be founden upon life.

E. Said he: As to that question,
I shal make some solution:
The Scripture plainly both expone,
When all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundreth thousand man
That self same day shal be livand,
Albeit there shal no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be sure;
For Christ shal come so suddenly,
That no man shal the time espy,
As it was in the time of Noy,
When God did all the world destroy:
Some on the field shal be labouring,
Some in the Temple marrying,
Some before Judges making pley,
And some men sailing on the sea:
Those that be on the field going,
Shal not return to their lodging:
Who been upon the house above,
Shal not have leasure to remove.
Two that be in the mill grinding,
Which shal be taken without warning,
The one to everlasting glorie.

The

The other left for euermore.
Two shal be ping in one bed.
The one to pleasure shal be led.
The other shal be left alone.
weeping with many a grieuous grone.
And so, my Son, thou mayst wel know.
The world shal be as it is now.
The people vsing buisnes.
As holy Scripture doth expresse.
Since no man knows the hour nor day.
The Scripture bids vs watch and pray.
And for our sins be penitent.
As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how Christ shal come to his Judgement.

WHen all tokens are brought to end.
Then shal the Sonne of God descend
As fire-flaught hasting glancing.
Descend shal the great heauenly King.
As Phebus in the Easterne
Lighteth in haste the Occident.
So pleasantly he shal appeare
Amongst the heauenly glades cleare.
With great power and mighty.
Aboue the Country of Iudie.
As Clerks haue concluded hail.
Direct aboue the holy vale
Of Iosaphat, and Gionne Riuer.
All Prophetes there shal be conuersant.
The Angels of the aire resonant.
Environ shal the Throne diuine.
With humble contemplation
Making him veneration.
In his presence there shal be borne
The sign of Crosse with crowne of thorne

Pillar and nails, scourges and spear,
With every thing that did him dear,
The time of his grim passion.
And for our consolation,
Appear shal in his hands and feet,
And in his side, the print compleat
Of his five wounds precious,
Shining like rubies radious,
To rebrobats confusion;
And for final conclusion,
He sitting in his Tribunal,
With great power imperial,
Then shal an Angel blow a blast,
Which shal make all the world agast,
With hideous voice and vehement,
Rise up dead folk, come to Judgement.
With that all reasonable creature,
That ever was formed by nature,
Shal suddenly rise up at once,
Conjoined with soul, flesh, blood and bones.
That terrible trumpet, I dear well,
Shal be heard in heaven, earth and hell;
Those that were drowned in the sea,
That boustrous blast they shal obey;
Where ever the body buried was,
All shal be found into that place,
Angels shal pass in the four airts
Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Saint Jeromie thought continually
On this Judgement so fervently;
He said: Whether I eat or drink,
Or wake, or sleep, for ever I think,
That terrible trumpet like a bell.

So quickly in mine ears doth knel,
As instantly as it were present,
Rise up, dead folk, come to Judgement.
If Saint Jerome tells such assay,
Alace, what shal we sinners say.
All those that shal be found alive,
Then shal immortal be belive;
And in the twinkling of an eye,
With fire they shal translated be,
And never for to die again,
As divine Scripture showeth plain;
As ready both for pain and glore,
As they which died long time before.
Some Authors say, they shal appear
In age of three and thirty year,
Whether they die young or old,
Whose great number may not be told.
That day shal not be miss one man,
Which was born since the world began.
The Angel shal them separate
As doth an Herd sheep from the goat.
And those that be of Belials band,
Trembling upon the earth shal stand,
On the left hand of that great Judge,
But esperance to get refuge:
But those that are predestinat,
Shal from the earth be elevat;
And that most happy company,
Shal offered be triumphantly.
At the right hand of Christ our King,
High in the air with loud loving.
Full glorioussly there shal compear,
More bright then Phebus in his sphear,
The Virgin Marie Queen of Queenes,
With many a thousand of Virgins,

The Fathers of the Old Testament.

Which were to God obedient,
Father Adam shal them convoy,
With Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noy,
Abraham with all his faithful works,
With all the prudent Patriarchs:
John the Baptist shal there compear,
The principal and last Messenger,
Which came but half a year before
The comming of the King of glore,
Moses and Esay honourable,
With all true Prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful Kings,
which vertuously vsd their reigns.
The noble Chieftain Josue,
With gentle Judas Maccabe,
With many a noble Champion,
Which in their time with great renown
Manfully in their lives end.
The Law of God they did defend.
With Eve that they shal be present.

The Ladies of the Old Testament:

Debor, Adams daughter dear,
With four myst lusty Ladies clear,
Which kept were in the Ark with Noy.
Sara and Keturah with joy,
The which to Abraham wives been,
With god Rebecca there shal be seen.
The prudent wives of Israel,
God Leah, and the fair Rachel,
With Judeth, Hester and Sulanna,
And the right sapient Queen Saba.
There shal compear Peter and Paul,
With Christ his good Disciples all.
Laurence and Steven with their bleſſ hands,

Of Martyrs mo then ten thousand,
Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustin,
With Confessours a triumphant train,
With Saint Frances and Benedict,
Saint Bernard, and Saint Dominick,
With final number of Monks and Friers,
Of Carmelits and Cordeliers,
That for the love of Christ only,
Renounc'd the world unfeignedly:
With Elizabeth and Anna,
All good wives shal compeer that day,
The blest and holy Magdalen,
That day before her Soveraign,
Right pleasantly he shal present,
All sinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt here naked grate,
In heaven with her shal have a place.
But wo be to that wilful wane,
Which shal stand low at his left hand:
Wo then to Kings and Emperours,
That were so mighty and Conquerours,
For their glory and particular good,
Caus'd shed so many lakes of blood,
Both Scepter, Crown, & Robe Royall,
That day they shal make count of all.
And for their cruel tyranny,
Shal punisht be perpetually:
Ye Lords and Barrons more unlele,
That your poor tenants do oppresse,
By great Fines and double mail,
More then your lands were avail,
With sore extorbitant carriage,
With mortheets of their marriage,
Tormented both in peace and weare,
With burdens more then they can beare,

Be they habe payed to you their maile,
And to the Priest the tends haile:
And when the Land again is fawn,
What rests behind, I would were knowen,
I truste, they and their pur houshold,
May tell of much hunger and cold,
Except ye habe of them pity,
I dread you shall get no mercy:
That day when Christ Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall fudgement,
Wo be to publick oppressours,
To tyrants and to transgressours,
To murtherers and common cheaters,
That did not mend their great mischiefs;
Fornicatours and usurers,
Common publick adulterers,
All perverse fulsked Hereticks,
All false deceitfull Schismaticks,
All shal be present in that place,
With many lamentable grace,
The curst Cain that never was good,
With all shedders of unkeles blood;
Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
With false Idolaters many one,
Ninus the King of Assyria,
With great dole shal compeer that day:
Which first invented imagery,
Wherethrough came great idolatry:
For making of that Image Bell,
That day his byre shal be in hell:
The great oppressour Pharao,
That tyrant Emperour Nero,
Shal with them curst King Herod bring,
With many other carefull King:
The cruel King Antiochus,

With

With the most furious Olofernus,
Great oppressours of Israel,
That day their pyne shal be in hell,
With Judas shal compear a clan
Of false creatures to God and man,
There shal compear of every Land,
With Ponce Pilate a baitfull band
Of temporal and spiritual States,
False Judges with their Advocates,
There shal our Senyeours of the Session,
Of all their faults make clear confession,
There shal be seen the fraudfull fallyies,
With Sheriffs, Bailyes and all Ballyies:
Officials with their consistorie Clerks,
Shal make count of their wrangous workis,
They and their perverie procutours,
Oppressours both of rich and poors,
Through Dilatours full of false deceit,
Which many one raid a beg their meat,
Great dole that day to Judges been,
That comes not with their conscience clean,
That day shal pass by peremptours,
Without cautell, or dilatours,
No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
But shortly pass to sentencandum,
Without continuations,
Or any appellations,
That sentence shal not be retreated,
Nor with no man of Law debated,
Ye labourers of sea and lands,
Perfect craftsmen & rich merchands,
Leave your deceits and crafty wiles,
Which filly simple folk beguiles,
Make recompence here as ye may,
Remembring on that dreadful day,

With

with Mahomet that cursed race,
Of Antichrists an hideous route:
Bishop Annas and Caiaphas,
With them in company shal pass.
The Scribes and false Pharisens,
which wrought on Christ great violence,
With many a Turk and Sarasen,
With great sorrow there shal be seen.
Popes with their traditions,
Contrare Christes institutions,
With many a crosse and cropped crown,
Which Christs Lawes have beaten down:
And would not suffer him to weare
The verity, nor the simple truth,
But laide him vnto great torment,
With which vsed Christ his Testament.
All Kings and Princes there shal be kend,
The which turn'd Christ vnto a fend,
To that Court shal come many one,
Of the black whore of Babylon.
The innocent blood that hath been spilt,
A loud vengeance cal pitiously,
On those cruel bloody butchers
Of Martyrs, Prophets, and Preachers.
Some with the fire, some with the sword,
With which plainly preached Gods word,
That day they shal reward be
Conform to their iniquitie.
The Sodomits and Gomorrhanes,
On whom God wrought so great vengeance;
With Corah, Dathan and Abiron,
With their adherents many one,
The holy Scripture with them tell,
How they sank down all to the hell.
With Simon Magus that refort,

Of

Of proud Priests a shameful sight,
The self same day there shall be seen
Many a cruel careful Queen,
Queen Semiramis king Ninus wife,
A tyger full of sturt and strife,
Together with Queen Isabell,
Which was covetous and cruell,
The false deceitful Dalila,
With cruel Queen Clytemnestra,
The which did murther in the night
Agamemnon both full of knight,
The which was her lawfull Lord,
As Greek stories can record,
With cruel Queens many one,
Which long time here for to expone.

Ye wanton Lavina burgeis wives,
That now for sheft tailyeing strives,
Flapping the filth amongst your feet,
Kaiking the dust into the street,
That day fra all your pomps and pride,
Your tails shall not your pipes hide:
These vanities ye shall repell,
Unless that ye be penitent,
With Pythonissa, I dare tell
Which raised the spiris of Samuel.
That day with her there shall resort,
Of rank witches a sorrowful sort,
Brought from all parts many a syple,
From Savoy, Athole and Argyle,
And from the Rhynds of Galloway,
Which a woful wail-away.

Ye brethren of Religion,
In time leave your abusion,
Which which ye have the world abused,
Or ye that day shall be confused

I speak

I speak to you all in generall,
Not to one Order speciall.
That day all creatures shall ken,
If ye were Saints, or wordly men;
Or if ye took the Chapelrie,
That ye might live more plenteously,
And get good large portion,
Or for a godly devotion.
That day your fained sanctitude,
Shal not be known by your hoods;
Your superstitious ceremonies,
Partiepate with traiterie.
Cowl, cutted frock, nor clipped head,
That day shal stand you in no stead:
For cowles black, gray, nor bygard,
Ye shal that day get no reward.
Your polit painted flatterie,
Your disimulat hypocrisie,
That day they shal be clearly known,
When they shal rew as they have sown.
Therefore in time be penitent,
Or alse that day ye shal be shent,
I pray you heartily, as I may,
Remember on that dreadful day.
Ye Abbots, Priors, or Princes,
Consider what ye do chalenge,
And how that your profession
Was nothing for devotion.
But to obtain the Abbacie,
Ye made your vow of Castitie,
Of poverty and obedience:
Therefore remeyd your conscience.
How these thre vowes have been observed,
And what reward they have deserved:
Therefore repent while ye have space,

since

Since God is liberal of his grace.
C. Father, said I, declare to me,
where shal our Prelats ordered be,
which now are in the world liuand?
with whom shal come that spiritual band?
E. Said he, as Saint Bernard describes,
Except that they amend their liues,
And leave their wanton vicious warks,
Not with the Prophets, nor Patriarks,
Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
The which to Christ were true Preachours:
Their predecessours Peter and Paul,
That day will them misknow at all.
So shal they not, I say for me,
With the Apostles ordered be:
I trust they will dwel on the bordes
Of hell, where there shal be no order,
Enlong the flood of Phlegeton,
Or on the brayes of Acheron,
Crying on Charon, I conclude,
To ferrie them over that furious flood,
To eternal confusion,
Except they leave their abusion.
I trust, these Prelats more vnsound,
Shal make clear count of their riches,
That dreadful day with pensefull sore,
And what service they did therefore,
The princely pomp, or apparel
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,
Their royal rents and dignitie,
That day shal not rewarded be.
There shal no tailes, as I hear say,
Of Bishops be born up that day.
Come they not with their conscience cleane,
On them great sorrow shal be seen.

Except that they their lives amend
In time, and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shal give his Sentence.

When all theis Congregations
Are brought out of all Nations,
which shal be without peeres,
Though I have made so long digreis:
For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankind shal presented be.
Before that kings excellence,
Then straitly shal he give sentence:
First, saying to them on his right hand,
which ordred be at his right hand:
Come with my Fathers benediction,
And receive your possession
which heavenly your prepared mate
Before the world was first created.
When I was hungry, ye me fed:
when I was naked, ye me cled:
All time of your my harbery,
And gave me drink when I was dry:
[illegible]
[illegible]
Then shal they say: O potent King,
when saw we ever suche thing?
We never saw thine excellence
Bestowed to such indigence.
[illegible]
Then shal he say: I you assure,
[illegible]
And for my sake me do them supplie.
[illegible]
Perhaps that ye me not regarde,

which

Which shal endure for euermore.
Then shal he look on his left hand,
And say unto the hatiful bande:
Pass with my maledication,
To eternal affliction,
In company with fiendes fell,
In everlasting fire of hell.
When I stode naked at your gate,
Hungry and thirsty, colde and wete,
Right feble, sicke, and like to die,
I never got of you supplie:
And when I lay in prison strong,
Of you I might have lyen full long,
Without your consolation,
Or any supportation.
Trembling for dread then shal they say,
With many piteous pitous lay:
Alace, good Lorde, when saw we thee
Subject to such necessitie?
When saw we thee come to our dore,
Hungry and thirsty, naked and poore?
When saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused harbery?
Then shal that most excellent king,
To these wretches make answering:
That time when ye refus'd the poore,
Which needful cryed at your doore,
And of your superfluitie,
For my sake made them no supply:
Refusing them, ye me refused,
With wretchednes so ye were abused:
Therefore ye shal have to your hyre,
The everlasting burning fire,
Without grace, peace, or comforting.
Then shal they cry full sore weeping:

That we were made, alace, god Lord:
Alace, is there no miserie?d?
But this withoutten hope of grace,
Lyne ꝑsence of that pleasant face.
Alace, for us it had been god,
We had been smored in our cod.
Then with a rear the earth shal rive,
And swallow them both man and wife.
Then shal these creatures forlore,
Wary the hour that they were born,
With many an hideous cry and yell,
From time they fel the flames fell,
Upon their tender bodies bite,
Whose tormens shal be infinite,
The earth shal close, & from their sight,
Shal taken be all kind of light.
There shal be howling and weeping,
withoutten hope of comforting:
In that inestimable pain,
Eternally they shal remain,
Burning in furious flams red,
Ever dying, but ne der dead;
That the final minute of an hour,
To them shal be so great dolour,
They shal think they habe done remain
A thousand years into that pain.
Alace, I tremble to hear tell,
That terrible tormenting of hell:
That painful pit for to deplore,
Which must endure for evermore.
Then shal these glorified creatures,
With mirth and infinite pleasures,
Convoyed with joy angelical,
Pass to the heavens imperial,
With Christ Jesus our soverain King.

In glore everlastingly to reigne
Of man which passeth the ingine.
The thousand part for to declare,
Alanerly to the least pleasure
Prepardinat for mine creatures,
Then shal a fire, as Elerho saith,
Bake all the hills and valleys plain,
From earth up to the heavens Empire,
All shal renew'd be by that fire.
Purging all things materiall
Under the heavens imperiall,
Both earth and water, fire and aire,
Shal be more perfect mave and faire,
The which before hes mired been,
Shal then be purified and made cleane,
The earth like crystal shal be clean,
And every Planet in his spheare,
Shal rest without more moving,
Both starry heaven and crystallin.
The first e highest heavens moveable,
will stand but turning, firm and stable,
The Sun into the Orient
Will stand, and in the Occident
Rest shal the Moon, and be more clear
Then now is Phebus in his spheare,
And eke the Lantern of the heaven,
Shal give more light by degrees seven,
Then it gave since the world began,
The heavens renewed shal be than.
Right so the earth with such delite,
Compared to the heavenly Paradise,
So heaven and earth shal be all one,
As meaneth the Apostle John,
The great sea shal no more appear,
But like a crystal pure and clear,

Passing imagination
Of man, to make mentation,
Of glore, which God hath none prepared:
Le s deep one which can with there
The which with eare, nor yet with tong
Of man may not be heard nor seene
With heart is vnattainable,
And with tongue unpronounceable:
Whose pleasures shall be so perfect,
Hauing in God so great delite
The space only of a twinckling yeare,
That time shall put an ende vnto,
Which cannot comprehende to,
Till we that shalbe dyed shall rise
When Paul was rapte in the spirit
To the third heauen of glore to please
He sayes, the secretes which he knew
They were not lawfull for to shew
To no man on the earth to vnderstand,
Wherefore greate not to vnderstand,
Albeit therein thou shalt desire,
The secretes of the heauens Empire:
The maze men doth an Phebus bright,
The maze feeble shall be their sight,
Right so let no man seke his eyes
To seek the high diuine nature
The maze men thinke I suppose,
Shal be the maze from their purpose,
To know, wherein their wits intende
Which Angels cannot comprehende
But after this great Iudgement,
All things vnto shall be present,
Let us with Paul put away vnwisenes,
Be being full of penitentnes,
Full humbly he teacheth vs

Rod

Not for to be too curious,
Albeit man be of grosse nature,
To seek the high secrets of him,
Whose judgements are vnsearchable;
His wayes strange, and vnto vs vnknowne;
That is to say, past our finding:
Of whom no man can giue enough praise.
It sufficeth vs for to imagine,
Great Gods to bring vs to his glory.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified Bodies.

SInce there is none in earth may comprehend
The heauenly glory, and the ioyes infinite,
Wherefore, my Lord, I pray thee not permit
To far to enter that matter of beliefe,
Which passeth natural reason to resolue;
That God before that he the world created,
Prepar'd to them which are predestinate,
All mortal men shall be made immortall,
That is to say, neuer to die again;
Impassible, and to celestiall,
That fire nor flood may be to them no pain;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain,
Though such things were, may be no more noyous
These creatures right so shall they be all cleare,
As flamming Phebus in his manner,
Considering then if there shall be great light,
When euery one into his Region
Shal shine like to the Sunne, and be as bright?
Let us with Paul desire to see that light,
To be filled d'o Paul had a great desire,
With Christ to be into the heauenly Empire.
And moreouer, as Chrisostom describes,
These marvellous lights they bee incomparable

Amongſt the reſt, in all their ſenſes fyve,
They ſhal haue ſenſual pleaſures delectable:
The heauenly ſounds which ſhal be inenarrable,
Into theis eares continually ſhal ring,
And eke the ſight of Chriſt Jeſus our King.

Into this triumphant Throne Imperial,
With his mother the Virgin Queen of Queens,
There ſhal be ſeen the Court celeſtial,
Apoſtles, Martyrs, Confeſſours and Virgins,
Brighter then Phebus in his ſphear that ſhines.
The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,
There ſhal be ſeen in glory ineſtimable.

And with their ſpiritual eyes ſhal be ſeen,
That ſight which is moſt ſuperexcellent,
God as he is, and euer more hath been:
Continually that ſight contempland.
Auguſtin ſayes: We rather take on hand,
To be in hell, he ſeeing the eſſence
Of God, then be in heauen without his preſence.

O who ſeeing God in his Diuinitie,
He ſeeth in him all other pleaſant things,
The which with tongue cannot pronounced be:
O what pleaſure haen to ſee the King of Kings.
The greateſt pain the damned ſoule doun thrings
And to the Deuils moſt punition,
Is it of God to lack fruition.

And moreouer they ſhal feel ſuch a ſmel,
Surmounting far the ſauour of earthly flowrs:
And in their mouth a taſte, as I heer tell,
Of ſweet and ſupernatural ſauours:
As they ſhal ſee the heauenly bright colours,
Shining amongſt theſe creatures of diuine,
Which to deſcribe tranſcendeth mans ingine.

And eke there ſhal be ſuch agility,

In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand myles in twincking of an eye;
So that their ioyes shal be without measure.
They shal reioyce to see the great dolour
Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the iust iudgement.

Subtilitie they shal have marvelous,
Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
A glorious body may right passibly,
But through the wall without impeatment pass,
Such like as doth the Sun beam out through glass,
As Christ to his Discipules did appear,
All entrees close, and none of them did feare.

Albeit in heaven though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore;
Yet every one shal have so great pleasure,
And so content, that they desire no more:
To have more ioy they shal no more implore;
But they shal all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

Take a crolwat, a pint-flope, and a quart,
A gallon pitcher, a punshon and a tun
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run;
The little crolwat, in comparison,
Shal be so full, that it shal hold no more
Of such measurs, though they were twenty score.

Into the tun, or in the punshon,
So that these vessels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity:
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in glore,
Are satisfied, so that they desire no more.

Though

Though vnfruitfull be Gods purueyance,
Both beasts and fowles, and fishes in the sea,
Are necessary for mans sustenance:
With corne, herbs, flowers, and fruitfull trees,
Then shal there be no commenalty:
The earth shal bear no plant, nor beast brutall;
But as the heauens shal be bright liuely shall.

Suppose some be an earthy walking here below,
Vn high abator, where euer they please to go:
Of God they haue as cleare fruition,
With Cast and Weak vp, down, yt to and fro:
Clerks haue declared pleasures many mo,
Which both transcend all mortal mans ingine,
The thousand part of these pleasures diuine.

Into the heauen they shal perfectly know,
Their tender friends their father & their mother
Their progenitours whom they neuer saw:
Their spouses, children, their sister & their brother
And euery one shal haue such loue to other,
Of others ioye and ioy they shal reioyce,
As of their own, as Clerks do suppose.

Then shal be seen that bright Jerusalem,
Which John saw in his Reuelation:
we mortal men, alace, are sore to blame,
That will not haue consideration,
And a continual contemplation,
With hot desire to come vnto that ioye,
Which pleasure shal endure for euermoye.

O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere thou the heauens & earth creat,
Who would in heer be disobedient,
And so deserue for to be reprobat?
Thou knowest the number of predestinat,
Whom thou wilt call, and hast them iustified,

And

And shall in heauen euerlastingly be glorified.

Graunt us to be Louers of that chosen sort,
Which of thy mercy surexcellent,
Blood pure as Scripture hath report,
Hath with the blood of that holy Innocent,
Iesus, lowly made himself obedient
Unto the death, and suffred on the rood:
Lorde, O Lord, be purged with that blood.

All creatures that euer Created,
As wytnesse Paul, they wish to see that day:
When the children of God predestinated,
Shall in appeare in their owne fresh aray,
Without corruption that so cleane is all away,
And chaung'd shal be their mortal quality,
In the great glorie of immortality.

And moreouer all things corporal
Under the concaue of the heauens Empire,
That now to labour bondes are and thrall:
Sun, Moon and starre, earth, water, aire and fire,
In a manner they pray all for helpe,
Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
As Erasmus expounded manifest.

When we see the great Globe of the Firmament,
Continually in mouing wonderous:
The seuen Planets contrary their intent,
Are reft about with course contrarious.
The wind and sea with storms furious.
The troubled aire, with frost, snow and rain,
Until that day, they trauel ay in pain.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
Hauing compassion on our miseries,
They wish after that day, and to that fine
To see us free from our infirmities,
And cleansed from these great calamities.

And

And troublous life which neuer shal haue end
Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience; unto his son the Governour.

My Son, hold mark well in thy memorie
Of this false world the troubles transitorie
Whose dreadful days so now draw neare an end:
Then call on God to be thine assistorie,
And every day, my son, memento mori;
And watch not when ye wotte that thou shalt
Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend. (hence
And since thou knowest the time is very short,
In Christs blood set all thy whole comfort.

Be not so much to life in temporal things,
Since thou perceivst Pope, Emperor nor Kings
Into the earth have no place permanent:
Thou seest the death the boisterously down thrings,
And reaves them fra their rents, riches & reigns:
Therefore on Christ conform thy whole intent,
And of thy calling be right well content:
Then God that feedeth the fowles of the air,
All needful things he shal for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
Ay since the dayes first creation,
Mankind hath suffered this misery mortal:
Ay tormented with tribulation,
With dolour, dread and desolation:
Gentles, and chosen people of Israel,
To this unhap, are all subject and thral:
Which misery no doubt shal ever endure
Till the last day, my Son, therefore be sure.

That day, as I have made narration,
Shal be the day of consolation.

To

Eaall the children of the chosen number:
There ended that be their desolation.
And eke I make this supplication,
In earthly matters take thes no more cumber.
Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber;
Live a full life, and with a joyous heart.
And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.

Of our talking now let us make an end:
Behold how Phebus downward doth descend,
Toward his Palace in the Occident:
Dame Cynthia, I see, she doth pretend,
Into her watry Region to ascend,
With visage pale into the Orient.
The dew now dunks the roses redolent.
The mary-golds that all day were resoyced
Of Phebus heat, now craftily are closed.

The blissful birds are bowning to their trees,
And ceasses from their heavenly harmonies.
The corn-craik in the craft I hear her cry:
The bak, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,
For their pastime now in the evening flies.
The nightingale with mirthful melodie,
Her natural notes do pierce up through the sky.
To Cynthia making her obeisance,
Which on the night doth take her ballance.

I see Pole Artick in the North appear,
And Venus rising with her beams clear:
Wherefore, my Son, I hold it time to go.
Would God, said I, you did remain all year,
That I might of your heavenly lessons lear:
Of your departing I am very wo.
Take patience, said he, it must be so:
Perchance I shal return with diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience,

And

And spoue my spreit to my heart fighting full sore,
And entred in my quiet Oratore;
I tuik paper, and there began to write
This mirry, as ye sall be heard before.
All gentle Readers heartily I implore,
For to excuse my rural rude endite;
Though Pharisees would have at me despite,
Which wald not that their craft knew were kend.
Let God be Judge, and so I make an end.

Finis quod LINDSAY.

THE TESTAMENT

And Complaint of our Soveraign Lord King *James* the fifth his *Papingo*, lying sore wounded, and may not die, till every man have heard what she sayes.

Wherefore, gentle Readers, haste you, that she may be put out of pain.

Compyled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY *of the Mount, Knight, alias Lyon King of Arms.*

Liver poll fara quicksit.

THE PROLOGUE.

ALthough I had ingine Angelical,
With lapience maye then Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory.
The Poets old in style heroical,
In brief and subtil termes rhetorical,
Of every matter, Tragedy and Storie,
So ornatly to their high laud and glorie,
Have done endite, impose supream lapience
Transcendeth far the dull intelligence.

Of

Of Poets myn into our vulgar tongue.
For why? all the best of Albe rerich been sung
By Chaucer, Gower, Lydgat laureate,
Who dare presume these Poets to impugne,
Whose fame & sentence through Albion ben sprung?
Or who can ad to the worke counterfait
Of Kennedie, with termes aureat;
Of wise Dumbar, whose language had at large,
As may be seen into his Golden Targe?

Quintin, Mercer, Reuil, Henderson, Hay, Hallate,
Though they be nocht, their workis are imitate;
Which to rehearse, makes Memorie to rejoyce,
Alace, for ane thousand layis in this land
Of Eloquence the flowing balme & grandar
And haill Angelicall mirrour of the reid Pigmon
As of rubies the carbuncle is chief amang all
And as Phebus amang Goddes precellis all,
So Gawen Douglas Bishop of Dunkell,

Had when he was into this Ile arryvit
Above vulgar Poets preheminent,
Both in poetrie & speculation,
I say no more, gif more were requisite
His worthy works in number and dyuers kynd,
And specially the true translation
Of Virgil, which been consolation
To cunning men, to know his great ingyne,
As well in natural science as diuine.

And in the Court been present in their dayes,
That ballads, dytees, lusty and layes;
Which to our Prince daily they do present:
Whereon hy mycht them dyt, I mean Inglis tongue,
In ballads, farces, and in pleasant playes?
But Cupide pitch his pen maks impotent
Kid in cunning and poetick rigge ponderous:

And

And Stewart who neſtres ſtartly ſtyle,
Full ornat worſhu cutty doth compyle.

Stewart of Lorn with tarp moſt curiouſly,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they ly them apply;
Into that Art are craftie of indyte:
But now of late is ſtare up perfyte
A cunning Clerk, doth write ſo craftily;
A plaint of Paits, called Ballentine,
Whoſe ornat wrytis, my wits cannot define;
Gar he mee the Court authoriſe,
Be with proud Quarme and Knoedy.

So thought I yon tyme, as I yarde newe,
I know not whare to wyſe, by ſweet ſpe. Johne;
For why? ſtrak the ſpark of Eloquence
Is nothing left; but barren ſtock and ſtone,
The poliſt terms are pulled every one,
By theſe ſurnamed ſpoyls of pyntrokeſtell
And ſince I find ſome other trew ſentence,
I ſhal declare ere I depart you fre,
The complaint of a wounded Papingo.

Wherefore becauſe my matter is but rude,
Of ſentence and of Rhetorick denude;
To rurall folk my writing is directed,
Far eſtemed from the ſight of men of gude;
For cunning men I know will ſone conclude
It nothing polyſt, but for to be deſected;
And when I hear my matter is detracted,
Then ſhal I ſwear, I meane it but in mocks,
To landward Lads, that milk the Kine & Ewes.

The complaint of the Papingo.

WHa ſhall me hy, perforce his fat muſt (fall)
Cuppeam I ſhal chye by experience,
If that they pleaſe to hear a pitteous tale,
Perwa fair Bird by fatall violence,

Devoured was, and might not make defence
Contrare the death, so failed natural Arength,
As after I shal show you at more length.

A Papingo right pleasant and perfite,
Presented was to our most noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long time had delite;
More fair in form, I wot few never on wing;
This proper Bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple serviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her Language artificial,
To play plat-fot, and whistel fot before;
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfeit all Fowles less and more;
Of her courage she mould without up hore
Sing like the Pirle, and crow like the Cock,
Pew like the Owle, a chant like the Ladercock.

Bark like a Dog, and hekkis like a Ba,
Bleat like an Hag, and buller like a Bull,
Gall like a Gowk, and weep when she was wa;
Climb on a craw, and laugh, and play the fool,
She might have been a menstrel against Yule.
This blessed Bird was to me so pleasant,
Where ever I fure, I bare her on mine hand.

And so befel upon a merthful mayes day,
Into my Garth I past me to repose,
This bird and I, as hir were wont before alway,
Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and favorese;
My bird full merie made hir resolace
When Phebus rose, and rave the clouds sable,
Through brightnesse of his beames amiable,

Without vapour was wel purificat,
The temperat air, soft, sober, and serein;
The earth by nature fortificat,

With wholsome herbs, blew, white, red, & green,
Whiby elevat my spirit from the spleen,
That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,
Nor Eloe from his Cave he durst not rear.

That day perforce behoved to be fair,
By influence and courts celestial,
No Planet presum'd for to perturb the air;
For Mercurie by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphal,
Of his mansion, into the fifteen gra,
In his own sovereign sign of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus pleasantly depart,
From Gemini, and entred into Cancer;
That day Cupido did extend his dart,
Venus that day conjoyned with Jupiter,
That day Neptunus bid him like a shaw:
That day dame Nature with great business,
Furthered Flora to shew her craftiness.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
And Cynthia in Sagitare exalted:
That day dame Ceres, goddess of the Corn,
Full joyfully John-upon-land she pleased;
The bad respect of Saturn was appeased
That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy.

The sound of birds surmounting all the shyes,
With melodie of notes musical,
The dulcate dyps of pew Tron up dyes;
Hanging upon the tender twists small,
The pea bently pew and sound angelical,
Such perfect pleasures printed in mine heart,
That with great pain for them I might depart.

So still among thase herbs amiable
I did remain a space for my pastance.

But

But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Dired with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That thereunto is no comparison:
So might I say, my short solace, alace,
Was dryven in dolour in a little space.

For in that earth among these fragrant flowres
Walking alone, none but my Bird and I:
Unto the time, that I had said mine houres,
This Bird I set upon a branch me by,
But she began to speak right sparply,
And in that tree did so highly ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet Bird, said I, be ware, maunt not too hie,
Return in time, perchance thy fast may fayle;
Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flee:
The grasp Glad, I mean the tyrce Gallipie.
I will, said she, Vailyie good Vailyie,
It is my kind to climb up to the light:
Of feather and bone, I mote need a right.

So on the highest little tender twist,
With wings displayed, she sat full wantonly:
But Boreas his wind blew ever the wild,
Which brake the branch, and blew her inverenly
Down to the ground with many a careful cry:
Upon a flob she lighted on her head,
The blood rushe out, and she cry'd for a Pied.

God wot, if then mine heart was wo begone,
To see that fowl slighter among the flowres,
Which with great mourning gan to mak her mone
Now coming are, said she, the fatal powrs
Of bitter death, now must I thole the throwes.
Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leasure to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
And

And to dispone my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am desolate,
Alone, except the death here with his dart,
Which awful spear, ready to pierce mine heart:
And with that word the tuik a passion,
Then lastly fell, and swapped into sown.

With sore heart pierced with compassion,
And sair tears distilling from mine een,
To hear that birds lamentation,
I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
Where I might hear and see, and not be seen;
And when this bird had sorrowed sighs or thrise,
She began to speak, saying on this wise:

O false Fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd?
Lyin day at morn, how have I this careful case?
Alas pope, through thee my reason was exil'd,
Having such trust into thy falsed face?
That ever I was brought to the Court, alace!
For I in fayth found among all my feers,
I might full well have lived many yeers.

Prudent counsel, alace! I did refuse,
Against reason filling mine appetite:
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That Reason me had great despite,
Poets of me have matter to endite,
Which clam so high, and so is me therefore,
Not doubting that the death should me devore.

This day at morn my form and feathers fair,
Above the proud peacock was preceiling:
And now a captive carion full of care,
Bathing in blood down from my heart distilling,
And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
O worldly false, and changeable fickleness,
Fy on thy pride, avarice and unmansuetness.

In

In thes I see nothing is permanent,
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy false infortunate gifts been to us lent,
This day full prond, the morn nothing to spend.
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
Be stedfast and have in remembrance,
And you defend from this unhappy chance.

Whether that I was stricken in extasie,
Or through a strong imagination:
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation:
Thus wailed into desolation,
So thought this bird was Fame by her manner,
Her counsel to the King, as you shall hear.

The first Epistle of the Prologe, directed to King James the fifth.

PRopotent Prince perpetuall in prudentitude,
Glore, honour, laud, triumph, and dignity,
Be unto thine high excellent celsitude,
With martial deeds conform of memory,
Since Atropos contrumed hath my glory,
And dolent death, alace, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfeigned heart.

Together with this Carrol subsequent,
With most reverent recommendation;
I grant thy grace get many document,
By famous Fathers publication,
With many notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in Style Heroical,
How thou should guide thy self imperial.

Some do deplore the great calamities,
Of divers Realms the transmutation,
Some pitiously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information;

So I intend my endeuour,
Into my barren rustical inbite,
Amongst the rest (Sir) to endeuyte.
Souerayn, conserue this simple similitude,
Of Officers serving thy Benevolite:
Who guides them well, get of thy grace grete
Vthe are unjust, degraded are of glore,
And cancellat out of thy memore:
Prouyding them more pleasant in their place,
Bettede right is Thou shalt be with thy Grace.

Consider well thou be Minister,
And a vassal to that King incomparable:
Preate thou to please that puissant Prince,
Thy rich reward shal be inestimable.
Exalted high in glore interminable,
Abode Archangels, vertuous Beatitude,
Plentuously placed among the Principate.

Of thy derne Deeds perpetually
Shal make mention unto the worlde be ended:
If thou serue Christ unto Perfectly,
In heaven eatly thy grace shal be remembered:
Wherefore erlest thou be no more unkynde,
Which hath exalted thee to such honore?
Of his people to be a Governour.

And in the earth hath made thy ordinance,
Under thy feet all things reverential:
Are subject to thy pleasure and pitance:
Both fowls and fishes, and beasts pastoral:
Yen to thy service, and women they are thral:
Hawking, hunting, armes, and tornay armour,
Prouydede be God for thy pleasure.

Masters of Musick to reverent thy spirit,
Which dauncers be yce, and pleasant instrument:
Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures complent.

If

If in thine Office thou be diligent?
But be thou found sleathful and negligent,
Or insufficient in thine execution,
Thou shalt not fail of thine punition.

Wherefore there thou hast thy capacity
To learn to play so pleasantly and sing,
Ride hote, run spear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, crafe-bow, and coulverings
Among st the rest, sir, learn to be a King:
Lyth on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
Granted to thee by influence of Dine.

And since the definition of a King,
Is for to have of people governance,
And zeis thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy busy to such attendance,
That thy vertus thine honour may advance:
For how should Princes govern their regions,
That cannot wisely guide their own persons?

And if thy Grace would live right pleasantly,
Call thy Counsel, and cast on them thy cure:
Their just decrees defend and forthink:
Without good counsel may no Prince long endure;
Work with counsel, then shall thy work be sure,
Chese thy Counsel of the most sapient,
Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.

Amongst all other pastime and pleasure,
Now in thine adolescent years young,
Wouldst thou each day study but half an hour,
The regiment of Princely governing,
To thy people it were a pleasant thing.
There mightst thou find thine own direction,
How thou shouldst use the scepter, sword, crown.

The Chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
Which may be mirrour to thy Majesty:

There shalt thou find both good and ill report.
Of every Prince after his quality:
Though they be dead, yet their works shal not die;
Trust well thou wilt be stirred in that Story,
As thou desirest best be put in memory.

Request that Roy which was sent on the Rood
That to defend from deeds of defame,
That no Poet report of thee but good:
For Princes days endure but as a dream:
Since first King Fergus bare a Diadem,
Thou art the last King of Scotis and five,
And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Of whose number fifty and five were slain,
And most part of their own misgovernance:
Wherefore, I thee beseech, my Soveraign,
Consider of their lives the circumstance;
And when thou knowest the cause of their mis-
On vertue then exalt thy self on hie. (chance,
Trusting in God t'escape that destinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy brother,
Which must at need, thee and thy Realm defend:
When suddenly one doth oppress another,
Let Justice mixt with mercy them amend.
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:
And by the contrare, thou art but King of bone,
Frō time that their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leasure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
My mortal wound doth me such violence:
People of me may have experience:
Because, alace, I was uncounsellable;
Now must I die a captive miserable.

The

The second Epistle of the *Papingo*, directed to her brethren of Court.

BRethren of Court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you;
Imprint my fall in your memorial,
Together with this cedul that I send you:
To preals over high, I pray you, not pretend you.
This vain ascents of Court who will consider,
Who sits most hie, shal find his seat most slidder.

So ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
Take heed in time, fastning your fingers fast.
Who climbs most hie, most dint hath of the head
And least defence against the bitter blast (ther,
Of false fortune, which never taketh rest:
But now reboubted daily she down thrings,
Not sparing Popes, Empereurs and Kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the skyes,
And have both King and Court in governance:
Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
Complaining sore the Courts variance:
The preterit time may be experience,
Which through vain hope of Court did climb so hie,
Th lacked wings, when they thought best to flie.

Since each Court is untrust and transitory,
Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind:
Making some glad, and other some right sory:
Foremost this day, the morn may go behind.
Let not vain hope of Court your reason blind:
Trust wel some men will give you lods as Lords,
That would be glad to see you hang on cords.

I durst declare the miserability
Of diverse Courts, were not my time is short;
The dreadful change, vain glore, and vanity,
The painful pleasures, as Poets us report.

Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort:
And how some men do spend their youth-hood
In Court, & ends into the Hospital. (hall
How some in Court are quiet Counsellers,
Without regard to Common-weal of Kings.
Casting their cure for to be Conquerers:
And when they were high raised in their reigns,
How chiefe of Court the dolefully down thrings:
And when they have from their estate depos'd,
How many of their fall been right rejoyced.

And now fond fained fools and flatterers,
For small service obtain oft great rewards:
Pandors, pike-thanks, cushions, and clatterers,
Lowps up frō lads, then lights among the lairds.
Blasphematours, beggars, and common bards,
Sometime in Court have more authority,
Then reverend Doctors of Divinity.

Why in some Court been bairns of Belial,
Full of dissimulat painted flatterie;
Provoking by intoxicat counsel,
Princes to wantonness and to harlotrie:
Which do in Princes such hasatrie,
I say for me, such pearl provocatours,
Should punisht be above all strong treatours.

What travel, trouble, and calamity
Have been in Court within these hundred years?
What mortal changes, and what miseries?
What noble men been brought upon their beers?
Trust well, my friends, follow you must your leirs:
So since in Court been no tranquility,
Set not on it your whole felicity.

The Court changes oftentimes with such outrage
That few or none may make to it resistance:
And sparethy not the Prince more then the page.

As

As well appeareth by experience.
The Duke of Rothsay might make no defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this Region.
But dolefully devoured was in prison.

What dread? what dolour had that noble King
Robert the third, when once he knew the tale
Of his two sons the dolent departing,
Prince David dead, and James captive? alace!
To true Scots-men which was a careful tale.
This may ye know, the Court is variand,
When blood royal the change may not gainstand.

Who reign'd in Court more pleasantly triumphand
Nor Duke Murdoc while that his day endured?
Was he not then Protector of Scotland?
Yet of the Court he was not well assured.
It changed so, his long service was smored:
He and his fair son Walter but remead,
Forfaulted were, and put to doleful dead.

King James the first, the patron of prudence,
Gem of ingine, and pearl of policie,
Well of Justice, and flood of eloquence,
Whose vertue doth transcend my fantasie,
For to describe; yet when he flood most pie,
By false exorbitant conspiration,
That prudent Prince was piteously put down.

And James the second, Roy of great renown,
Being in his super-excellent glore,
Through rakeless shooting of a great canon,
The dolent death, alace! did him devore.
One thing hath been, of which I marvel more,
That fortune had at him such mortal feed,
Through fifty thousand to wail him by the head.

Mine heart is pierced with pains for to pance,
Or for to write that Courts variance

Of James the third, when he had gouernance:
The dolour, dreid, and desolation,
The change of Court, and conspiration:
And how that Cochran with his company,
That time in Court clamb so presumptuously.

It had been good these bairns had not been born,
By whom that noble Prince was so abused:
They grew as did the weeds amongst the corn:
That prudent Lords counsel was refused,
And held him quiet, as he had been inclused.
Alace, that Prince by their abusion,
Was finally brought to confusion.

They clamb so hie, and got such audience,
And with their Prince grew so familiar:
His german brethren might get no presence:
The Duke of Albanie, and the Earl of Mar,
Like banisht men were holden at the bar:
Till in the King there grew such mortal feid,
He slew the Duke, & put the Earl to deid.

Thus Cochran with his captive company,
Forc'd them to flie, but yet they wisted feathers,
Above the high Cedars of Lebanie.
They clam so hie, til they lap over their ledders,
On Lawder bridge then keeped were in tedders,
Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
Their King captive, which was a careful case.

To put in writ the fats unfortunat,
And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine:
My wit been dead, my fingers fatigat,
To dite or write the rancour and ruin,
The civil war, the battel intestin,
How that the son with banner braid displayed,
Against his father in battel came arrayed.

would God that day the Prince had been reformed

with

With sapience of the preud Solomon;
And with the strength of Samson been supportit;
With the bold hardiness of the great Agamemnon:
What should I with? remedy there is none:
At morn a King, with sceptre, sword, & crown;
At night with death a deformed carion.

Alace, where is that right redoubted Roy,
That patent Prince, gentle James the feird?
I pray to Christ his soul for to convoy:
A greater Noble never reign on the eird.
O Atropus! wary may be thy weird:
For he was mirrour of humility,
Lead-star and lamp of liberality.

During his time so Justice did prevail,
The savage Ilesstrembled for terrour:
Eskdale, Ewisdale, Liddisdale and Annandale,
Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour:
And of his Lords had such perfect favour;
So for to show that he affeard not one,
But through the Realm he would rive him alone.

And of his Court through Europe sprang the fame
Of lusty Lords, & tender Ladies ping:
Triumphant turneys, justing, & knightly game,
With all pastime accrewing for a King.
He was the glore of princely governing:
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did move his ordinance.

Of Fowlden field the ruins to revolve,
Of that most dolent day for to deplore,
I will for dread, lest dolour you devolve:
Show you that Prince in his triumphant glore
Destroyed was, what needeth process more?
Not by the vertue of the English ordinance,
But by his own wilful misgovernance.

Alace that day had he been counsellable,
He had obtained land, glore and victorie:
Whose princely parcels been so lamentable,
I sorrow to put in memorie.
I neuer read in Tragedy nor Storie,
At one journey so many Nobles slain,
For the defence and lobe of their Sobersign.

Now brethren mark into your remembrance,
A mirrour of these mutabilities,
See may ye know the Courts inconstance:
When Princes are thus pulled from their seas,
After whose death, what strange adversities?
What great mischiefs into this Region rang,
Whe our Prince yong exiled neither speak nor gang

During his tender youth & innocence, (chance?
What treason, what rout, what murther & mis-
There was nought else but upbraiding & mischance
Into that Court there reigned such variance:
Diuerse Rulers made diverse ordinance:
Sometime our Queen reigned in authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of Albanie.

Sometime the Realm was ruled by Regents,
Sometime Lieutenants leaders of the Law:
Then reigned so many disobedients,
That fear of none stood of another aw:
Oppression did so loud his bellows blaw,
That none durst else but into fear of war.
John-upon-land that time did lose his Share.

Who was more high in honour else that
Then was Margaret our high & mighty Princess:
Such power was to her appropriat,
Of King and Realm, that she was Governess;
Yet came a change within a short process:
That pearl perclare, that lusty pleasant Queen,

Long

Long time into that Court durſt not be ſeen.
The Archbiſhop of Saint Andrews, James Beton,
Chancellar and Primat in power Paſtoral,
Clamb next the King, muſt in this Region:
The ladder ſhook, he lap, and got a fall:
Authority, nor power ſpirituall,
Riches, friendſhip might not that time prevail;
When Dame Curia began to kit her tail.

His high prudence availed him not a mite,
That time Court bare him at ſuch mortal ſpite;
As priſoner they kept him in deſpite,
And ſometime durſt not where to hide his head:
But diſguiſed like John the Reid he yeid.
Had not been hope bare him ſuch company,
He had been ſtrangled by melancholy.

What cumber & care was in the Court of France
When King Francis was taken priſoner.
The Duke of Burbon amidſt his pridmance,
Died at one ſtroke, right baniſh brought to bear:
The Court of Rome that time ran all a riet,
When Pope Clement was put in priſon ſtrong,
The noble City put to confuſion.

In England who had greater governance,
Then their triumphant courtely Cardinal:
The common-weal, ſome ſayes, he did advance,
By equal Juſtice, both to great and ſmal:
There was no Prelate unto him peregal:
Engliſh-men ſayes, had he reign'd longer ſpace,
He had depoſed Saint Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
His Palace royal, rich and rabious,
Nor yet the ſtate of ſuperfluity
Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
When once Dame Curia held him odious.

Assailed him not his prudence most profound,
The ledder brake, and he fell on the ground.

Where been the doughty Earls of Dowglas,
Which royally into this Region rang,
Forfault and slain? what needeth more process?
The Earl of March was marshelled them amóg.
Domus Curia them dolefully down throng,
And nauw of late who clamb most hie among us,
Then did Archbald sometime the Earl of Angus,
who with the Prince was more familiar,
Nor of his Grace had more authority?
Was he not great Warden and Chancellar?
Yet when he stood upon his highest gree,
Trusting nothing but perpetuity,
Was suddenly deposed from his place,
Forfault and deemed, he got no other grace.

Wherefore trust not into authority,
My dear brethren, I pray you heartfully:
Presume not in your vain prosperity:
Confirm your trust in God all utterly,
Own serve your Prince with heart entire truly:
And when ye see the Court is at the best,
I counsel you then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant Court of Troy?
Of Alexander, with his twelve prudent Peers?
Of Julius, that right renowned Roy?
Agamemnon, most worthy in his wears?
To show their fine my traped heart affears:
Some murthered were, some poisoned piteously,
Their careful Courts dispersed dolefully.

Trust well there is no constant Court but one,
Where Christ is King, whose time interminable
And high triumphant glaze shal never be gone:
That quiet Court mirthful and immutable,

with

Without variance stands ay firm and stable,
Dissimulance, flatterie, and false repoze,
Into that Court shal never get reloze.

Trust well, my friends, this is no fained fare;
Foz who that is in the extream of dead,
The verity doubtless they should declare,
Without regard to favour, oz to feed,
While ye have time, dear brethren make remead:
Adew foz ever, of me ye get no moze,
Beseeching God, to bring you to his gloze.

Adew, Edinburgh, thou high triumphant town,
In whose bounds right merrily I have been:
Of true trades-men the nut of this Region,
Most ready to receive Court, King and Queen:
Thy Policy and Justice may be seen,
Where devotion, wisdom and honestie,
And credence lost, it may be fannd in thee.

Adew fair Snadown with thy towzes hie,
The Chappel-Royal park, and table round:
May, June and July would I dwel in thee.
Were I a man might hear the birds sound,
Which doth against thy Royal rock resound.
Adew Lithgow, whose palace of pleasance,
Might be a patern to Portugal oz France.

Farewel Falkland, the fozt'reis sure of Fife,
Thy polite park under the Lowmond law,
Sometime in thee I led a lusty life:
Thy fallow deer to see them rake and raw,
Court-men to come to thee, they stand great aw,
Saying, thy burgh beirn of all boztows hail,
Because in thes they never got good ale.

The communing betwixt the Papingo, and her lady Haircrounes.

THe Pe perceivd the Papingo in pain,
He lyght on bewin, and fainyd him to greet:
Sister, said he, alace! who hurt you slain?
I pray god, vengeance pursew for your spreite:
Dispone your gudis, and yow confess compleit:
I wil be partner, by your confession,
Of all your wills to gif you full remission.

I am, said she, a Channon regular,
And of my brethren lyvand principal:
My voice to sing, my clene life doth declare,
The black is of the beuk memorial:
Nevertheless I think all your gudis unnatural,
Sould be submitted wholy unto my cure,
Ye know I am an holy creature.

The raven came rouping wp he heard the rait,
Syn did the grek with many a pitteous pelp,
And earnestly they counterfaited great rare,
Sister, said they, your recklessnes we rew:
Gif that it is our counsel you ensew,
Some pretend to this promotion,
Religious men of great devotion.

I am black Monk, said the ratling raven:
Nay said the grek, I am an holy Frier,
And perfit pastor to bring you quick to heaven:
It is best knowin, my conscience dois it clear,
The black within renounce I shal pervver:
So to your brethren you will gif some good,
God knows, if ye had need of this fud.

The Papingo said: Father, by the Rod,
Albeit your raiment be Religious like,
Your conscience, I suspect, it be not good:
I wish perchyd when prydly ye did pyke

A chicken from an hen, under a dyke.
I grant, said he, that hen the was my friend,
And I that chicken rob but for my teind.

You know, the faith by us must be sustend,
So by the Pope it is prordinat,
That spirituall men should live upon their tiends:
But well I wot you been prevenit,
In your erreands to be so fortunat,
To have such holy consolation:
Wherefore we make you exhortation.

Since Dame Nature hath granted you such
Leasure to make confession generall, (grace,
Show forth your sin in time while you have
Then of your goods make a memorial: (space,
We three shal make your feast funeral,
And with great bells bury we shal your bones,
Then trentals twenty trattle all at once.

The rubs shal rear, the men shal on them ryde,
And cry, Commendo ad misericordiam:
We shal make chickens prep, and gallings pe,
Although the geese e pens should make alarum:
And we shal serve secundum usum Sarum,
And make you safe, we find St. Blaise to brugh,
Crying to you the careful correnough.

And we shal sing about your sepulture,
Saint Mungoes matins, and the meekle Creed:
And then devotely tap, I you assure,
The old Placebo backward on the beed:
And we shal bear for you the mourning weed.
And though your purse with Pluto were posset,
Devotely shal your dirigie be dyed.

Father, said he, your facound words fair,
Full sore I dread, be contrare to your heids:
The wifes of the villages cryes with care,

when

Quhē they perceive ye mow athwart their meds.
Your falſe conceit doth but e drake forth dreads:
I marvel ſoothly, that ye be not aſhamed
For your default, being ſo forth defamed.

I do abhor my por perturbed ſpirit,
To make to you any confeſſion:
I hear men ſay you are an hypocrit,
Exempted from the Nymis of the Seſſion.
To put my goods in your poſſeſſion.
That will I not, ſo help me Dame Nature,
Nor of my corps, I will give you no cure.

But if I had the noble nightingal,
The gentle jay, the merle and turtle true,
Mine obſequies and feaſts funeral,
Syder they would with notes of the new,
The pleaſant pawn moſt angel-like of hew:
Would God I were with him this day confeſt,
And my perilis purely by him aquyt.

The mirthful mavis with the gay gold-ſpink,
The lufty lark: Would God they were preſent,
Mine infortune forſooth they would forthink,
And comfort me that been ſo impotent.
The ſwift ſwallow in practick moſt prudent,
I know ſhe would my bleeding ſtanch belive,
With her moſt vertuous ſtone reſtringitive.

Count me the caſe under confeſſion,
The glew ſaid proudly to the Papingo,
And me ſhal ſwear by our profeſſion,
Counſel to keep, and ſhow it to no mo.
I the beſeech, are thou depart us fro,
Declare to us ſome cauſes reaſonable,
Why we are holden ſo abominable.

By thy travel thou haſt experience,
Firſt being bred into the Orient:

Then

Then by thy good service and diligence,
To Princes made here in the Occident:
Thou knowest the vulgar peoples judgement,
Where thou transcurrey the hore Meridional:
Then nert the Pole the plage Septentrional.

So by thine high ingins superlative,
Of all Countreys thou knowst the qualities:
Wherefore I the consure by God alive,
The verity declare withouten lies,
What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
Of us Church-men, both good and evil report:
And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort.

Father, said he, I earthe creature,
Dare not presume with such matter to meil:
Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure;
Demand them which with prudence do excell:
I may not prie, my pains have been so full:
Also perchance ye will not stand content,
To know the vulgar peoples judgement.

Yet will the Death a little with you sain his part,
All that lyeth in my memorial,
I shal declare with true unfained heart.
And first, I say to you in general,
The common people sayeth, ye be all
Degenerat from your holy primitives,
As testifies the process of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predecessours,
The beginning, I grant, was very good:
Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins, and Confessours,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard over all the world, by land and flod,
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they took no fear

Before

Before Princes, preaching with full prudence:
Of dolorous death they dowted not dear,
The verity declaring fervently,
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent:
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To show their works at length were great wonder,
Whose miracles they were so manifest. (der.
In Name of Christ they healed many hun-
Reising the dead, and purging the possest
With perverse spirits which had been oppress:
The crooked ran, the blind men got their een:
The deaf men heard, & lepers were made clean.

The Prelats spoused were with poverty,
Into those days when they flourisht with fame:
And with her geared Lady Chastity,
And Dame Devotion notable of name:
Humble they were, simple, and full of shame.
Thus Chastity, and Dame Devotion,
Were principal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,
Ay till there reigned in Romes great City,
A potent Prince, was named Constantin,
Perceived the Church han spoused Poverty,
With good intent, and moved with pity,
Cause of divorce he put between them two,
And parted them without mowthes mo.

Then hastily with a great solemnity,
Without ony dispensation,
The Church he spoused with Dame Property,
Which boldly by proclamation,
To Poverty caus'd make narration,
Under the pain of piercing of her een,
That with the Church she never should be seen.

Saint

Saint Sylvester that time reign'd Pope in Rome
Which first consented to the marriage
Of Property, of which began the bloom:
Taking the cure on her with his courage,
Devotion drew her on an Hermitage.
When she considered Lady Property
So high exalted into dignity.

O Sylvester! where was thy discretion,
Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive?
Andrew and John they did leave their possessions
Their ships and nets, their lines, & all the lave,
Of temporal substance nothing would they have,
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberly their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the Wilderness,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods, both more and less:
Prudent Saint Paul thought Property prophane,
From town to town he ran, in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of Grace,
And never was subjected to riches.

The gies said: I hear nothing but good,
Proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
The Papingo said: Father, by the Rood,
It were too long to hear the circumstance,
How Property with her new alliance,
Grew great twichyrdis, as true men to me told,
And bare two daughters goodly to behold,

The eldest daughter named was Riches,
The second after Sensuality,
Which did increase within a short process,
Per-pleasant to the Spirituality.
In great substance and excellent beauty.
The Ladies two grew to within few years.

That-

That in the world was none might be their parys

Thus royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
From that time forth they took whole gover-
Of the most part of the Spiritual: (nance
And they again with humble observance,
Amorously their wits they did advance,
As true lovers their Lady for to please:
God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach:
They grew so subject to Dame Sensual;
And thought but pain poor people for to teach:
Yet they decreed it into their counsal,
They would no more to marriage be thral,
Trusting surely to observe Chastity:
And all beguil'd, said Sensuality.

Apparantly they did expel their wives,
That they might live at large without thriage,
At liberty to lead their lusty lives,
Thinking men thral that been in marriage:
For new faces provoke do new courage.
Thus Chastity they turn into delight,
Wanting of wives been cause of appetit.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
When once she did perceive their purveyance:
Dame Sensual a letter did proclaime,
And her exiled Italie and France.
In England could she get no ordinance.
Then to the King, and to the Court of Scotland
She turned her withoutten more demand.

Trusting into that Court to get comfort,
She made her humble supplication:
Shortly they said she should get no support.
But threatned her with blasphemation:
To Wiclefs go make your protestation:

It is, said they, many a hundreth year,
Since Chastity had any entrance here.

Tyred for travel, she to the Priests past,
And to the Rulers of Religion:
Of her presence shortly they were agast,
Saying: They thought it but abusion
Her to receive: so with conclusion,
With one advise decreeted and gave doom,
They would receit no Rebel out of Rome.

Should we receive that Romans have refused,
And banisht England, Italie and France,
For your flattery? then were we well abused,
Pass hence, said they, & fast your wayes advance,
Amongst the Nuns go seek your ordinance:
For we have made oath of fidelity
To Dame Riches and Sensuality.

Then patiently she made progression
Towards the Nuns with heart sighing full sore:
They gave her presence with procession,
Receiving her with honour, land and glore,
Purposing to preserve her evermore:
Of that novels came to Dame Property,
To Riches, and to Sensuality.

Which sped them at the post right speedily,
And set a fledge proudly about that place:
The silly Nuns did yeeld them pastily,
And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
Then gave their hands of perpetual peace:
Receiving them, they cast up wyers wide,
Then Chastity there no longer might bide.

So for refuge fast to the Friers she fled,
Who said, they would of Ladies take no cure.
Where is she now? then said the greedy gled.
Not amongst you, said she, I you assure:

I trust she be upon the Borrow-moor,
By south Edinburgh, & that right many means,
Profest amongst the sisters of the Seans.

There hath she found her mother Poverty,
And devotion her own sister carnal:
There hath she found Faith, Hope and Charity,
Together with the vertuous Cardinal:
There hath she found a Convent yet unbuil,
To Dame Sensual, nor yeth with Riches abused;
So quietly these Ladies are enclosed.

The pyat said: I dread that they assailed,
They rendar them, as did the holy Nuns.
Doubt not, said he, for they are so accoutred,
They purpose to defend them with their guns:
Ready to shoot, they have six great cannons,
Perseverance, constance and conscience,
Austerity, labour and abstinence.

To resist subtil Sensuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand:
By abstinence, and keeped poverty,
Contrare riches, and all her false sel bands.
They have a Bombard braked up in bands,
To keep their port, in midst of their cloth,
Which is called, Domine, custodinos.

Within whose shot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both night and day they work as busie bees,
For their defence, ready to stand in stour:
And have such watches on their utter tour,
That Dame Sensual with fledge dare not assail,
Nor come within a shot of their artail.

The pyat said: Whereto should they presume,
For to resist finest Sensuality,
Or Dame Riches, which Rulers are at Rome:

Are

Are they more constant in their quality,
Then the Princes of Spirituality,
Which pleasantly without trew obstacle,
Have them received in their habitacle?

How long trust ye, these Ladies shal remain
So solitare in such perfection?
The Papingo said: Brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Chosing their Heads by election,
Unthyal to Riches and to Poverty,
But as requireth their necessity.

O prut & Prelats, where was your prescience,
That took in hand to observe Chastity
But austere life, labour and abstinence?
Perceive ye not the great prosperity,
Apparently to come of Property?
Ye know, great cheer, great ease and idleness,
To letcherie was mother and mistress.

Thou rad'st untracked, the raven said, by the
So to reprove Riches and Property: (Rood,
Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
The Papingo said: that is of verity:
Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
Providing als that they be not abused.

Then layd the raven a repitation,
And said: Thy reason is not worth a mite,
As I shal prove with protestation:
That no man take my word into despite:
I say, the temporal Princes have the wite,
That in the Church such Pastors do provide,
To govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.

Long time after the Church took Property.
The Prelats lived in great perfection,

Unthyal

Unchȝal to Riches or sensualitȳ,
Under the holȳ spirits protection,
Mȝderlȳ chosen by election:
As Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete, and Line.

Such patient prelats entred bȳ the porȝt,
Pleasing the people bȳ predication,
Now dȳk-lowpers do in the Church resorȝt,
Bȳ symonie and supplication
Of Princes, bȳ their presentation:
So filȳ souls that are the Lords sheep,
Are given to hungrȳ ravenous wolves to keep.

No marvel is though we religious men,
Denered be, and in our life confused,
But sing and dȝink none other craft we ken,
Our spiritual fathers have us so abused,
Against our will these traitours been intrused.
Laick men have now Religious men in cures,
Profest Virgins in keping of strong whorȝes.

Princes, princes, where is your higb prudence,
In disposition of your benefices?
The guardoning of your Courticiens,
Is some cause of these great enormities:
There is a sorȝt waiting like hungrȳ flies,
For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able;
Whose gredȳ thirst been ay insatiable.

Princes I prȳ you be no morȝ abused,
To pernicious men having so smal regard:
Whȳ should pertue throȝgh flatterie be refused,
That men of cunning can get no reward:
Alace that ever a bragger or a baird,
A whorȝ-master, or common hazarture,
Should in the Church get anȳ kind of cure.

Were I a man worthȳ to wear a Crown,

Ay

Ay when there vakned any benefices:
I should cause call a Congregation,
The principal of all the prelacies,
Most cunning Clerks of Universities,
Most famous Fathers of Religion,
With their advice make disposition.

I should dispone all offices pastoral,
To doctors of divinity or jure:
And cause dame Vertue pull up all her sails,
When cunning men had in the Church most cure
Cause Lords send their sons I you assure,
To seek science, and famous schools frequent,
Then them promove that were most sapient.

Great pleasure't were to hear a Bishop preach,
A dean, a Doctor of Divinity,
An Abbot which could well the convent teach,
A Parson flowing in Philosophie.
I tine my time to wish which would not be,
Were not the preaching of the begging Friers,
Lost were the faith among the seculiers.

As for their Preaching, said the Papingo,
I them excuse, for why? they been so thrall
To Property, and her dign daughters two,
Dame Riches, and fair Lady Sensuall,
They may not use no pastime spirituall:
And in their habits take such great delite,
They have refused Russet and Rapluch white.

Taking to them Scarlet and Cramosie,
With menever, mertrick, greece & rich armine:
Their low hearts exalted are so hie,
To see their papall pomp it is a pine.
Nore rich array is now with frinyies fine,
Upon the bairding of the Bishops Mul,
Than ever had Peter or Paul against Yul.

Their

Their fair Ladies their chains may not escape.
Dame Sensual such seed in them hath sown:
Lets snatch it were with licence of the Pope,
That euch Prelat a wife had of his own. (blown;
Then see their bastards throughout the Countrey
For now be they wel commed from the schools,
They fall to work as they were common bulls.

Pew, said the gled, thou preachest all in vain,
Ye secular folks have of your case no cures.
I grant, said she, yet men will speak again,
Now ye have made an hundreth thousand hoors,
Which had not been, were not your lecherous
And if I lie, heavily I me repent; (lures:
Alas never a bird, I know, more penitent.

Then she her shrave with devote countenance,
To that false gled, which fained him a Frier:
And when she had fulfilled her pennance,
Full subtelly at her he can enquire:
Choose you, said he, which of us brethren here,
Shal have of your natural goods the cures:
You know none been more holy creatures.

I am content, said the poor Papingo,
That you Frier gled, e tozby Monk your brother
Have cure of all my goods, and he no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shal be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they, and swore to fulfil her intent.
Of that, said she, I take an instrument.

The pyat said: What shal mine office be?
Over-man, said she, unto the other two.
The rouping raven said: Sweet sister, let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The grædy gled said: Brother, do not so:
We will remain, and here hold up her head.

And

And never depart from her till she be dead.

The Popingo thanked them tenderly,
And said, Since ye have tane on you the cure,
Then part my naturall gyfts equally
That ever I have of Nature,
First to the Owle the gyft of eyne
Which all the day for shame nor night be seen,
To her I leave my gay Gilbert of gren.

My bright depured eyes as christall clear
Unto the Hawk ye shall them both present
In Phebus presence which can not appear
Of naturall light he is so impotent,
My tirrit bill I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle pitefull Pellican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.

I leave the Owle which have no song but one,
My musick with my voice Angelicall,
And to the Swan give ye when I am gone
Mine eloquence and tongue Rhetoricall,
And take and dry my bones great and small,
Then close them in a cake of Myrr fine,
And them present unto the Phenix syne.

To burn with her when she her life renewes
In Arabie ye shall her find but lesse,
And shall her know by her most heavenly hewes,
Gold, Azure, Gowls, Purple and Sanguper;
Her date is for to live five hundreth year.
Make to that Bird my commendation.
Also I make you supplication.

Since of my Corps I have given you the cure,
Ye speed you to the Court but tarrying,
And take mine heart of perfect portrature,
And it present unto the Soveraign King;
I know ye will it close into a Ring.

Commend me to his grace, I you erhote,
And of my passion make him true repote.

Be thee my tripes shall be for your travel,
With Liver & Lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent Prince of hell,
If ye failyie, that in his net he fang you:
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you;
Sore I suspect your conscience been too large,
Doubt not, said they, we take it with the charge.

Adew brethren, said the puir Papingo,
To talk no more, I have no time to tarry:
But since my spirit must from my body go,
I recommend it to the queen of farie;
Eternally into her court to tarrie,
In wilderneſſe among the holts hore;
Then he inclin'd her head, and spake no more.

Plunged into her mortal passion,
Full grievously she gripped to the ground:
It were too long to make narration,
With sighs full sore, with many a strong & sound,
Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
A compasse round was with her blood made red:
Without remead there is nothing but dead.

And by she had in manus tuas said,
Extincted was her natural lences five:
Her head full softly on her shoulders laid,
Then yield the spirit with pains pungitive.
The Raven began rudely to rug and rive,
Full ravenous like, his empty throat to feed,
Eat softly brother (said the greedy Gled.)

While she is hot, let part her even among us,
Take thou one half, and reach to me the other:
Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong us.
The Pyat said, the fiend receive the other;

why make ye me sic bairn and I your brother.
You do me wrong (sir Gled) I shrew your heart
Take here said he, the puddings for thy part.

Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder sair
For to behold that dolent departing:
Her angel feathers flying in the aire,
Except the heart was left of her nothing:
The Pyat said, that pertains to the King,
Which to his grace I purpose to present:
Thou (said the Gled) shalt fail of thine intent.

The Raven said, God nor I rare in a rope,
If thou get this to either King or Duke:
The Pyat said, plaint I not to the Pope,
Than in a smiddie I be smord with smook.
With that the Gled the piece caught in his clok
And fled his way, the rest with all their might
To chase the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now have ye heard the little tragedie,
The sore complaint, the testament & mischance
Of this poor Bird which did ascend so hie:
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude endite, which is not to advance.
And to the Muses I give commandement,
Make no repair where Poets been present.

Because thou been of Rhetorick so bennde,
Be never seen near hand none other book:
With King nor Queen, with lord nor men of good
With coat unclean, claim kinred to some Cok:
Steal in a nook, when they list on thee look,
For smel of smuk men will abhore to bear thee,
Here I forswear thee, wherefore to lurk go lear (thee.

The Dream of Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount Knight, familiar servitor to our Soveraign Lord, King *James* the fifth.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

RIght potent Prince, of hie imperial blood,
Unto thy Grace I trust it be well known,
My service done unto thy Celsitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shown:
And though my youth-hood near be overblown,
Yet'd in service of your Excellence
Hope hath me beght a goodly recompence.

When thou wast young, I bare the in my arm,
Full tenderly till thou began to gang:
And in thy bed oft happed the full warm,
With Lute in hand then sweetly to the sang.
Sometime in dancing fiercely I flang,
And sometime playing fairties on the flure,
And sometime of mine office taking cure.

And sometime like a fiend transfigurat,
And sometime like a greesly ghost of gay,
In diverse forms oft-times disfigurat,
And sometime disguised full pleasantly.
So since thy birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd, and aye to thy pleasure,
And sometimes Steward, capper, and carvour.

Thy Purse-maker and secret Thesaurer,
Thine usher aye since thy nativity:
And of thy Chamber chief Cubicular,
Which to this hour hath keeped my lawtie.
Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a wretched worm have made so able,

To

To such a Prince to be so agreeable.
But now thou art by naturall influence,
Prigh of ingins, and right inquisitive,
Of antique stories and deeds martiall,
Pere pleasantly the time for to overdrive,
I have at length the stories to discrive,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.
Of Jason and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the acts honourable,
And of Samson supernaturall strength,
And of the lest Lavers the stories amiable.
And oft times have I fained many a fable
Of Troylus the sorrow and the joy,
And stedges all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy.
The prophesies of Rymour, Reed and Merling,
And many other pleasant History.
Of the red Kow, and the Gyre Carling:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee sorry,
Now saith suppose of the King of glory:
I shall thee show a story of the new,
The which before I never to thee shew.
But humble I beseech thine Excellence,
With ornat termes though I cannot endite
This simple matter for lack of eloquence.
Yet notwithstanding all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I will address
As I best can, and most compendious.
Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

THE PROLOGUE.

In to the Kalends of January,
When fresh Phebus by moving circulary,

From

From Capricorn was entred in Aquarie,
With blasts that had the branches maid ful bare.
The snow and sleet perturbed all the air,
And fleemed Flora from every bank and busse,
Through support of the austere Eolus.

After that I the longsome winter night
Had lyen waking in my bed alone:
Throgh heavy thought, that no way sleep I might
Remembring of diverse things by-gone.
So up I rose, and clothed me anone,
By this fair Titan with his beams light,
Ower the world had spread his banner bright.

With cloak and hood I dressed me belive,
With double shoes and mittans on mine hands.
Albeit the air was right penetrative,
Yet fure I forth, launching ay'rthrough the lands
Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands;
Because unblowmed was both bank and bray:
And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Flora in dool-weed disguised,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
With sturdy storms her sweetnesse was surprised:
Her heavenly hews were turned into sable,
Which sometime were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the frost the tender flowres I saw,
Under Dame Natures Pantle lurking law.

The smal fowles in flocks saw I flee,
To Nature making lamentation:
They lighted down before me on a tree:
Of their complaint I had compassion.
And with a pitreous lamentation,
They said, blessed be summer with thy flowres,
And waried be thou winter with thy showres.

Alas Aurora the silly lark can cry.

Where

Where hast thou left thy balmy liquyd sweat?
That us refreshed, we mounting in the sky.
Thy silver drops are turned into sleet:
O sarie Phebus, where is thy wholesome heat?
Why sufferest thou thine heavenly pleasant face
With mistly vapours to be obscur'd alace?

Where art thou May? with June thy sister sheen,
Well bedecked with desires of delight:
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Enhaunced with roses both red and white:
Now old and cold January in despite,
Reaves from us all pastime and pleasure:
Alace, what gentle heart may this endure?

Overspred with clouds odious,
The golden skyes of the azure hue disposed
Changing in sea raw sorgs melodious,
Which we had wont to sing with good intent,
Resounding to the heavens firmament:
But now our day is changed into night,
With that they rose and flew out of my sight.

Pensif in heart, passing full soberly,
Unto the Sea forward I past anone:
The Sea was wet, the sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone:
Till that I espied a little cape of stone,
High in a craig upward I did approach,
Without staying, and clamb up to the toppe.

And purposed for passing of the time,
Me to defend from otiosity,
With pen and paper to register in Rymes,
So merry matter of antiquity,
And idlenesse ground of iniquity,
She made so dull my spirits me within,
That I knew not of what end to begin.

But

But lest still in those caues, where I might heare
The wauering of the waues vp and downe:
And this fond worlds instability
Unto the fast working comparison,
And of this wretched worlds variation
To them that feare all their whole thoughts thence,
Considering who must haue, should most repent.

So with white hand I happed me full warme,
And in my cloak I folded both my feet,
I thought my carpe with cold should take me harme
By Phitons pale and wan hands full in heat,
The scouling Nicke me to my toe from the feet,
Thete still was I for my bones for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleepe mine spirit oppressed.

So through the boysterous blasts of Eolus,
And through my sleeping all the night before,
And also for the long trauell
By Neptune, with many rebellious rout,
Constrained I was to sleep vnder the shippe,
And when I deemed in conclusion
I shal you tell a new meditation hereafter:

The Dreame of Pers Ploughman.

I Thought I was of yonder nature persone,
Did salute me with benign countenance:
And I lowly of her prudence her willed,
To giue light vnto my dumbs reuerence,
And her beseeched for pitie her pleasure,
What was her name, she answered courteously,
Dame Reason (said she) called am I.

Which comfort to her pastime and pleasure
Of chose, and for to hear thes company:
Because I saw her spirit without measure,
So sage perceiued by melancholy

Cauſing thy corpſe to wax cold and dry,
Therefore get up and go anone with me.
So were we both in twinkling of an eye
Down through the earth in midſt of the center,
Ere ever I will into the loweſt hell:
And in that carefull cave when we did enter,
Yauting and youling we heard with many a yell
In flame of fire right furious and fell,
Was crying many carefull creature,
Blaſpheming God, and warying nature.

There ſaw we diverſe Popes and Emperours,
Without reſpect many careful King.
There ſaw we many wrongous conquerours,
Without right reavers of others reigns:
The men of Kirk lay bonden into kings.
There ſaw we many careful Cardinal,
And Archbiſhops in their pontifical.

Proud and perverſe Prelats out of number,
Popes, Abbots, and falſe flattering Friers,
To ſpecifie them all, it were a cumber:
Regular Channons, churle Monks and Charterers,
Curious clarks, and Prieſts ſeculars.
There was ſome part of each Religion,
In holy Kirk which did abuſion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
The cauſe of thaſe Prelats punition.
She ſaid, the cauſe of their unhappy chance
Was covetous luſt, and ambition.
The which now makes them lack fruition,
Of God, and here eternally muſt dwell,
Into this painful pyſoned pit of hell.

And they did not inſtruct the ignorants,
Provoking them to penitence by preaching,
But ſerved worldly Princes inſolents:

And were promoved by their fained fleitching,
Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching.
By simonie was their promotion,
More for deniers, then for devotion.

Another cause of the punition
Of these unhappy Prelats imprudent,
They vaste not equal distribution
Of holy Kirk Patrimony, nor rent;
But temporally they have it all misspent,
Which should have been triparted into three:
First, to uphold the Kirk in honesty.

The second part, to sustain their estates.
The third part to be given to the poors:
But they dispone these goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whoirs.
Those cattives took no count of their Cures,
Their Church ruine, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruied both in bowd and bed.

Their bastard bairns proudly they provided,
The Kirk goods largely they did on them spend:
In their defaute their subdites were misguided,
And counted not their God for to offend:
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I saw in cupe of brass,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Caiaphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traitor Judas,
Mahomet that Prophet poysonable:
Core, Dathan and Abiram there was.
Heretichs we saw innumerable.
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into these flames fleeting,
With careful cryes, sore groaning and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfully,
For pain glory and disobedience,

Break

Breaking their Constitutions wilfully,
Not having their Superiors in reverence:
To know their rule they took no diligence:
Unlawfully they used Prosperity,
Passing the bounds of wilful Poverty.

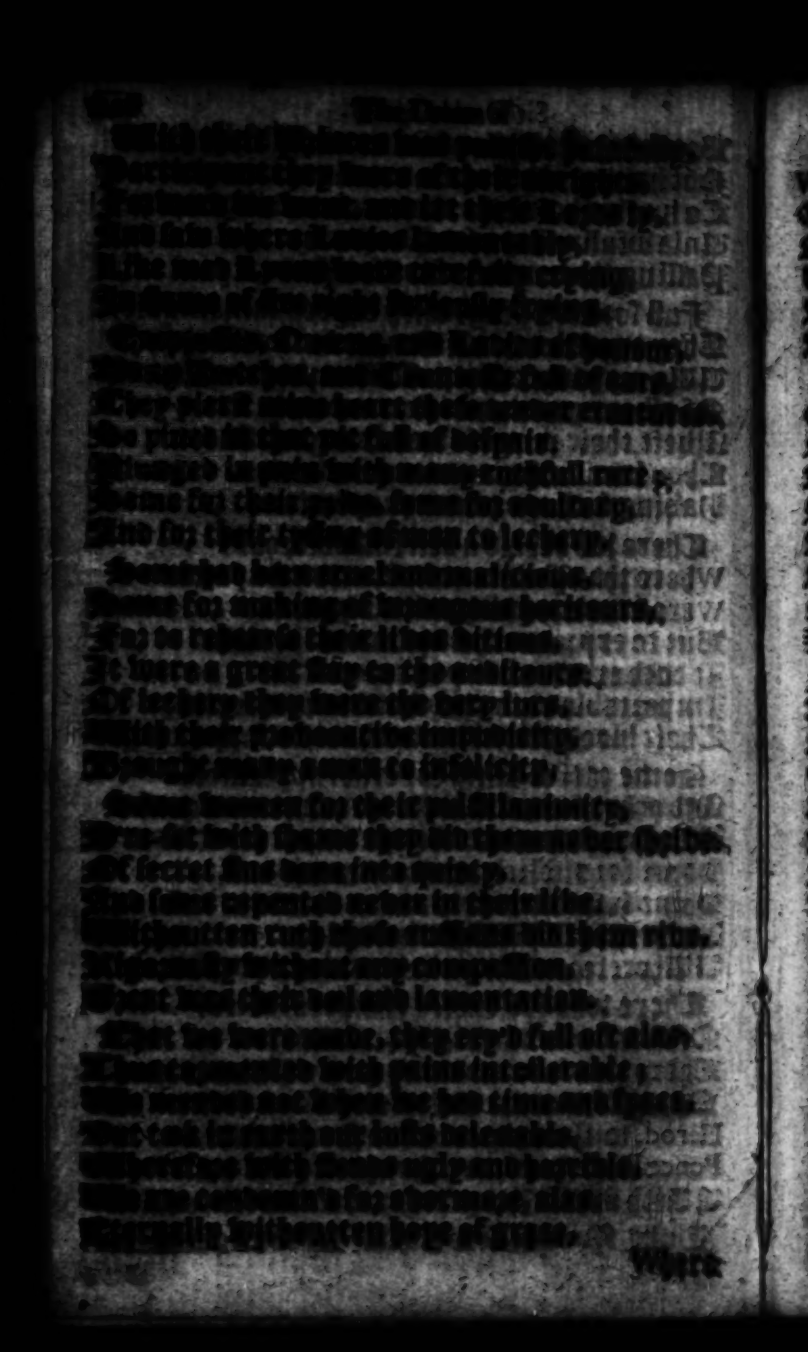
Full sore weeping, with voyces lamentable,
They cryed loud: O Emperor Constantine,
Wilt thou not help thy possession profitable,
Of all our great punition and pain?
Albeit their purpose was to a good end,
Thou banishst from us true devotion,
Having such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a den full dolorous,
Where that Princes and Lords temporal,
Were cruciate with pains rigorous:
But to express their pains in special,
It doth exceed all my memorial:
Importable pain they had but comforting:
Their blood Royal made them no supporting.

Some captive King for cruel oppression,
And other some for their wrongous conquests,
Were condemned they and their succession.
Some for publick adultery and incest,
Some suffered people murder to live in rest,
Delyted so in pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed Emperor Nero,
Of every vice the horrible vessel.
There was Pharaoh, with many Princes mo,
Oppressors of the children of Israel,
Herod, with many mo then I can tell.
Ponce Pilate was there hanged by the halse,
With unjust Judges, for their sentence false.

Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons & Knights,
With



Then ine behalde where many a spotlesse
Commen people lay lightning on the flre
Of every state there was a baillfull band
There might be seen many sorrowfull syght
Some for entysements and some for gyle
And some for lack of restitucion
Of wrongous gudis bot pertenyng
Spensars of warre and theyr lyvyng
Bourders of hold and common vsurers
Falce men of lawe in sondrie regne counting
The bes, reatars, and pultrie oppressours
Some part there were of cruell tyrannis
Craftsmen there sate bot out of mynde
Of euch sort to declare to long a mater
Also lowsome fey and to endite
Of this paisen the paine in speciall
The heat, the cold, the colour and deplnes
wherefore I speak to them in generall
That bolefull den, thoe furnace infernall
Whose reburs is to rebe without remede
Eber dying, and nebes to be dead

Hunger and thrist in stede of meat and drink
And for their clothing, coales and scorpions
That darke mansion is repelled with stink
They se nothing but horrible visions
They have but fearne and perilions
Of foul sights, and blasphemations

There

Then falling in [illegible]
For melody, [illegible]
There was no solace, but wailing inflate,
In habitat habe [illegible]
With sobbing, sighing, [illegible]
Their conscience their pears [illegible]
To hear them [illegible]
So in despite plunged into despaire.

A little above that unto just dungeon,
we entred into a country full of care;
where that we [illegible]
weeping & bewailing with many a ruthful rare:
what place is this, said I, of bliss so bare?
She answered, this [illegible]
Which purgeth souls ere they come to glory.

I see no pleasure here, but much pain:
wherefore said I, leave me this fast in thrall.
I purpose never to come here again.
But yet I am beloved, answer shall
That the true faith can no thing avail:
Such things to be as Christ hath concluded.
Albeit my hope stands most in Christs blood.

Above this, in the third prison anone,
we entred in a place of perdition,
where many babes were making bitter moan.
Because they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punition.
Of baptism, they lacked the entrance:
upward we went, & left that merciless menyie.

Into a vault above that place of pain,
unto the which but few ways ascended.
That was the limbo, in the which did remain
Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,
Eating the fruit, the which was so forbidden.

Pray

Sampa great thyr blood in thair bodyis ran
With barbarous and brim behaviour.

Then thrwgh the cartis of nature cald and dry,
Glad to escape thair places perilous;
We hastyt us right hamewart speidily,
Yet wes behuvit the secreits mair to heir
Of mynes of gold and uther precious geir
Of siluer, and of euery fine mettal,
Which to declare it were to long to stand.

Up thrwgh the water schortly we intendyt,
Which enuirons the earth incontinent dowbt:
Then thrwgh the air schortly we ascendyt
Vnto regions thrwgh quhilk we went and past
Which earth and water stakis rwnd about.
Syne schortly vpward thrwgh the fire we wrent,
Quhilk wes the highest and purest element.

When we had all the elements ouerpast,
That is to say, earth, water, air and fire,
Vpward we went intohowtten ony reid
To se the heavens wes ane meit desire:
But ere we might win to the heavens empire.
It behovyd us to passe the mayll rwnd.
Vp thrwgh the spheare of the planets seven.

First to the Mwn, and diffens all per spheare,
Quenn of the sea, and lanterne of the night:
Of nature moist and cald, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hes none other light,
But the reflex of Phebus beams so bright.
The twelve signs she passit rwnd about:
In eight and twenty dayes withouttin dowbt.

Then we ascendyt to Mercurius,
Which Poets call the God of eloquence:
Right dextrous like with ceremonius sellectous,
In art of peace and full of sapience.

Ye

Of all the reſt, the leſſer and the greater
Whoſe daily motion is moſt ſwift,
Both ſtarres moſt ſtrait and all the planetes farre,
From eaſt to weſt making their gyre full eaſie
Into the ſpace of four and twenty houres,
Yet by the uſus of the Aſtronomers,

The ſeven planetes in their proper ſpheres,
From eaſt to weſt more naturally
Some ſwifter, ſome ſlower as their kinde requires,
As I haue ſhewn before expreſſedly
Whoſe motion cauſeth continually
Right melodious harmony and ſound,
And all through moving of theſe planets round.

Then mounted we with right fortunate fire,
Up through the heauen called the firſt mouing,
And in the eaſtern part the heauens raviſhed
Which in beleefe is perfect mirth conteined
Where God into his glory moſt ſhining
Reigns in his glory moſt admirable
With angels cleare which are innumerable.

In eaſtern plage theſe heauens glorious
Are diſtinct the beſt from worſt moſt commune
Making feaſting with ſounds melodious
Seeing the ſhew right pleaſant for beholding
Theſe eaſtern plage the poets full pleaſantly
Diuiden into three parts orderly
And three others in three plages variable.

The laſt & eaſtmoſt are the angels
As meſſengers to this lowe region
The ſecond are archangels full of mights
Vertues potentats principates of renowne
The firſt is called
The ſeventh & higheſt called Seraphins

Saint Peter [illegible]

The sparrow [illegible] laughes

Discomforts of [illegible]

The [illegible]

Confession, [illegible]

As chappel [illegible]

And [illegible]

Making [illegible]

Which by the [illegible]

Felicity they [illegible]

And of his God-head [illegible]

And compleat peace they [illegible]

Their glory and honour [illegible]

That pleasant place replete of [illegible]

Immeasurable it [illegible]

There is plenty of all pleasures [illegible]

And clear brightness without obscurity.

Without [illegible]

Without [illegible]

Without [illegible]

O happy are the saule [illegible]

When saul and body [illegible]

These men [illegible]

By arithmetick [illegible]

The posture of that palace [illegible]

By geometrie, it is immeasurable.

By Rhetorick als impronunciable:

There is no care may [illegible]

Nor heart may think [illegible]

Wherefo therein I [illegible]

The which Saint Paul [illegible]

Cannot expresse, nor into paper write.

The high excellent [illegible]

And perfect pleasures ever permanent.

Of helle and erthe, and the heuen brycht,
What quantite is then the erth, said I?
That shall I schaw, said sho, to thee gantlie.

After the maner of the Astronomers,
And specially the Author of the Spheare,
And other of hes grete Philosophers,
The quantite of the erth circulere,
Is fyfty thousand leagues lychtlie to meet,
Seven hundreth and fyfty and one mo,
Deviding ay ane league in myles two:

And every myle in sighe stade dividis,
Each stade an hundreth pace ryght wyse:
A pace five foot, who wonis them ryght devidis,
A foot foure palmes, if I can right deuise,
A palm foure inchis; and lyke so wonld weile be,
The circuit of the erth pas round about,
Sall be considered in this wise no doubt.

Suppon that there were no impedyment,
But that the erth but perill were and pein:
Then that the person were ryght diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might pas round about, and come again
In four yeare, and fifteen weikis and dayes two.
Go read the Author, and thou sall find it so.

The Division of the Earth

Then certainly she took me by the hand,
And said: My son, come on the heap with me,
And so she maid me ciesnip understand,
How that the erth divided was in three,
In Africa, Europe and Asia,
After the mind of the Cosmographoure;
That is to say, the thre Worldis superiure.

The which thou I have sung so pleasantly
To all the which you have been patiable,
And well pouzed in every section,
Now happens now your reasoning?

Alace I said he, then see I soth it doth stand
Which me, and hold I am attercliab
Of all my grace, and small sais from Scotland
And go be gone where I may cherished
Remain I here, I am but perished.
For there are fewer me that takers rest,
Which makes me go thus ragged, riven & rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight
For Policy is fled again in France;
My Uber Justice, almost hath lost her sight
That she cannot hold right by the balance
Plain wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
The which debarreth Law and Reason,
And small remedy is found to open treason.

Into the South alace I was near slain,
Over all the land I could find no relief;
Almost between the Mers and Lochmaban
I could not answer nor make no strife.
To those their rest, their wives and wife,
And victuals make, it would break the life.
Also too longsome for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remead,
But suddenly I was encountered;
Those fierce Tulzeors took of me no heed,
But amongst them let me remain a while.
Also in the Isles and in Argyle,
Wathsse, slueggrus, falshood, robbery strike,
But Policy in danger of her life.

In the Lowland I came to seek refuge
And purpose there to make my residence;

But

But singular profite cum to me fra pledge,
And dis my great injuries and offences,
And sall endure Gods Curse, Spirital, & temporal,
And the pains Damnable eternally,
So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
For I know not of whom I should me mean:
For I durst lawyse all the spiritual state,
Whilk cast no cosme for to hear me complain:
Their Officers they hold me so diverting,
For all money they rubbs upon their rent.
And Covetice that evir is crying, bar me ouir.

Wise men hath chasit from them humility,
Devotion is fled unto the Friers,
Sensual pleasure hath banisht Chastity,
Lords of Religion they go like Seculars,
Taking no cosme to rowm their diocey,
Then they do of their confirmation,
Thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate:
Liberality and Lawty both are lost,
And Covetice with Lords laureat,
Knightly courage turned to brag and boast:
The Tidil wind mis-guides the every deall:
There is nought else, but each man for himself,
That makes me go thus dauntit like an Elfe.

Therefore, adew, I may no longer tary:
Fare wel, said I, and with sobir solace to bed I rowld.
But wot ye well mine heart was wonder sory,
When Common-weal so lanyed was in sorye.
Yet after the night, comes the glorious sicht,
Wherefore I pray you, bow me in certain,
When that you purpose for to rowm again:
That question it shal be soon determ,

Saith he: There shal no Scot be comforting
Of me, until I see the Countrey gulled
By tollerm of a good and prudent King:
Which shal delight him most above all things
To put Justice to execution,
And on Young traytors make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that Proverb is full true:
Wa to the Realm that hath too young a King.
With that he turnd his back, and fairly flew
Over Firthband fell right fast from me he field:
Whose departing to me was displeasand:
With that Remembrance took me by the hand.

And soon I thought she brought me to the roch,
And to the cave where I began to sleep:
With thos a ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep;
And then did slack her sailes, and gan to creep
Toward the land, anent where thus I lay:
But wot you well, I got a fellon fray.

All her great canons she let crack at once,
Down shook the streams from the top-castel:
They spared not the powder nor the stones:
They that their boats a down their anchors fell:
Their mariners they did thraw and pell,
That hastily I start out of my Dream,
Half in a fray, and speedily past hame.

And lightly dyned with litl and appetit;
Then after past into my Study:
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shown before.
Sir, of my Dream, as now thou gets no more,
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy Realm in unity and peace.

The

SIR, since that God of his prouidence,
Hath granted thee to haue the gouernance
Of his people, and created thee a King,
Fail not to paint in thy remembrance,
That he would not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy governing:
Wherefore auoyde thee above all other thing.
Of his lawes to keep the obseruance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.

Thank him that hath commanded Dame Nature
To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture: (cure,
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
To Dame Fortune thou needs no Procurour,
For she hath largely shewn on thee her cure.
Her gracious be hers unto thee shewn:
And since that thou wilt reap as thou hast sown,
Haue all thy hope on God the Creatour,
And ask him grace, that thou may be his owr.

And then consider thy Vocation,
That for to haue the Gubernation
Of this Kingdom, thou art predestinate.
Thou mayst well know by true narration,
What sorrow and what tribulation
Hath been this poor Realm infortunate:
Now comfort them that hath been desolate,
And of thy people haue compassion,
Since thou by God art so predestinate.

Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of Noble Dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude:
Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance,
And to thy Common-wealth haue attendance.

And this I beseech the Lord Jesus,
Vaile victorious men, and love them that are good:
And each flatterer thou flee from thy presence,
And false people out of thy Court exclude.

Do equal justice both to great and small,
And be example to the people all.
Exercising vertuous deeds honorable,
Be not a wretch, for another that may befall.
La that unhappy vice, if thou be thral,
To all men thou shalt be abominable.
Kings nor Knights are so ever commendable,
To rule the people, be they not liberal.
Alas me be; yet no wretch so honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace the mighty King,
That to his Gods made invocation,
Through greedines, that all substantial thing,
That ever he touch, should turn but carying
Into fine gold: he got his supplication:
All that he touch without selection,
Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Majesty serene,
From lechery thou keep thy body clean:
Take ever that intricate season:
From that unhappy sensual fire abstain,
Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queen,
Then take thy pleasure with my benison:
Take heed how pitiful Tarquin lost his Crown,
For the defacing of Lucrece the sheen,
And was banished and banisht Romes town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,
The Romans would be subject to no King,
Fifty long years, as Stories do record,

Till

Till falsed by perfidious gouernaunce,
And Princely courage gan on them to reign,
And Chosen of Romains Emperesse and Lady,
Wherefore my Soule reigne in thy selfe remord,
That vicious life maketh oft an evil ending,
Except it be by special grace reskor'd.

And if thou wouldst by saint and honest rede,
Vse counsel of thy ghostly Lords rewle,
And so thou not presumptuously eschewe
Thine own pastime: but to thee selfe attame
Work with counsel, so shalt thou well eschewe,
Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
Which to good counsel would not condescend,
Till bitter death, alace! did them perse,
From such unhap, I pray, God thee defend.

And finally, remember thou must die,
And sodeinly pass from this mortal fey,
And art not sicker of thy life two hours,
Since there is none from that sentence may flee,
King, Queen, nor Knight, of low estate, nor high,
But all must thole of Death the bitter throw,
Where are they gone those Popes & Emperours,
Be they not dead? Yea shall it rede thee,
Is no remead, Strength, riches, and honour,

And so with conclusion
Make you transition,
To get the infusion
Of his High Grace:
Which died with affliction,
With scorn and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirming our peace.

The

The Complaint of Sr DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount Knight, directed to the King's Grace.

SIR, I beseech thine Excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience;
My talent heart doth me constrain,
Of mine infortune to complain,
Albeit I know in great substance,
Whom I shall blame of my mischance,
Whether Saturne cruell,
Reigning in my nativity,
By bad aspects which work vengeance,
Or other heavenly influence;
Or if I be prebendar,
In Court to be intertenit,
Which have so long in service been,
Continually with King and Queen,
And entred to thy Majesty,
The day of thy nativity:
Wherethrough my friends been ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed,
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of Court rewarded;
Blaming my slenthfull negligence,
That seeks not for some recompence.
When diverse men do me demand,
Why gettis thou not some piece of Land,
As well as other men have gotten?
Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
Wherewith such extream discomforting,
That I can make no answering.
I would some wise men did me teach,

whether

Whether that I should flatter or lie thy
I will not syt, that I conclude,
For crabing of thy Celsitude:
And to flatter, I am ashamed
Lack I reward, then am I blamed
But I hope thou shalt me ay well
As did the father of Famel
Of whom Christ maketh mention;
Who for a certain pension,
Hyred men to work in his vineyard;
But who came last, got first reward,
Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
But he them prudently appeased;
For though the last men first were served,
Yet got the first that they deserved.
So am I sure thy Majestie,
Shal once regard me ere I die,
And rub the rust of mine ingine,
Which is forlongor like to tine;
Although I bear not like a hart,
Long service yerneth ay reward.
I cannot blame thine Excellence,
That I seldom lack recompence;
Had I solisted like the lave,
My reward had not been to crave;
But now I may well understand,
A dumb man get may never land;
And in the Court men gets nothing
Without importunat asking.
Alace, my shame and shamefastness
Debard me from all greediness:
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft do obtain their intent;
And fail not for to conquess lands,
And namely at young Princes hands,

But

But I beleeue there no more cure
In special, but for thy preseruing
But now I am mooued otherwise
But I shal get
The which shal be a
Then them shall
When men do ask
Should ask his
To his Excellence
And to the
Though I be
I ready thy
Thou hast
And but
To them which were full far to seek,
When I lay nightly by thy cheek
I take the Queens Coate, thy mother,
My Lord Chancellor, and many other,
Thy Nurse, and thine thy
I take them all to bear witnesse;
Old Willie Dillie were he aliue,
My life full well he could deserue,
How was a Chap-man beares his pack,
I bare thy Grace upon my back,
And sometimes frolicque on my neck,
Dancing with merry heed and beck.
The first syllabes coat thou euer moue,
Was Pa-da-lyne upon the Lute.
Then plaid I twenty springs perquer,
Which were great pleasure for to heare,
From play thou letst me neuer rest;
But Ginkerton thou lou'st my best,
And when thou camest from the schoole,
Then I behoou'd to play the fool;
As I at length into my Dreame,

My sundry service did appeare
Though it be better as I wote
Yap to the Court, then good service
I know thou lovest me better, shall
Then now some wife doth her good-man
Then men to other did record,
Said, Lindsay would be made a Lord
Thou hast made Lords, &c. by Saint Gell
Of some that hath not left a foe in hall
To you, my Lords, that do stand by
I shal you show the causes why
If you list to tarry, I shall tell
How my misfortune
I prayed daily on my
My young Master
Of age in his estate
Having power
Then trusted
To be promoted
But mine as
Because th' Eclipse fell
The which all
Then did my
The which were long
And eke mine heart is wonder
When I have in remembrance
The sudden change of my
The King was but
when new Rulers came in
For Common-weal no taking care
But for their profit singular
Imprudently the wicked fools
They took the young Prince from the schools
where he understood
Was learning pertinent

And

And hastily put in his hand
The gobernance of all Scotland,
As who wouth in a stormy blast,
when Mariners ben all agast,
Through danger of the Seas rage,
would take a child of tender age,
Which never had been on the Sea
And to his steering all obey,
Giving him the whole gobernal
To ship, merchant, and mariner,
For dread of Rocks, and for land,
To put the rudder in his hand,
Without Gods grace it no returne,
If there be danger, ye may learne
I give them to the Devil of Hell
That first devised that counsel,
I will not say it was treason,
But I dare swear it was unreason:
I pray God let me never see reign
Into this Realm so young a King,
I may not carpe to dear,
Unto them the Church's lands was given,
By them that partly took in hand
To guide the King and Scotland,
And else long time for to declare,
Their facent flattering manes fair:
Sir (some would say) your Majestie
Shal now go to your liberties:
Then shall no man be cracked,
For to the School no more subjected,
we think them very unnatural fols
That learns ever more at the schools.
Sir, you must learn to turn a speare,
And guide you like a man of warre:
For we shal put such men about you,

That

That all the world, and more shal doubt you.
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
Which hastily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did fulfil his Majesty.
Some caus'd him rebell at the racket,
Some harled him to the hurtis hacket,
And some to shew their courtly coyfis,
Would ride to Leith & run their boyses.
And mightily gallop after the sands,
They neither spared spur nor wands,
Casting gamonds with bends & berks,
For wantonnes some broke their nerks.
There was no play but cards and dice,
And day sir flattery bare the price,
Rounding and rowning me to another,
Take thou my part (saith he) my brother,
And make betwern us sicher bands,
When ought shal hath amongst our handis,
That each man stand to help his fellow,
I hold thereto man by all loallo,
So you assure within my bounds,
That shal I not by great wounds,
(Said he) but rather take thy part,
So shal I do by my heart.
And if the Thesaurer be our friend,
Then shal we both get cache and send,
Take he our part, then who dare mell us,
And we shal part the pelf among us,
But haste us while the King is young,
But let each man stop well his tongue:
And in each quarter have a spy,
Us to advertise hastily,
When any casualities
Shal happen into our countries.

Let

Let me make this protestation,
Ere he come and [illegible]
No more he knows when doth a Saint,
What thing it is or [illegible]
Before he come to [illegible]
We shal be flickers of our fingers
And then he [illegible]
That mouth (or ell [illegible]
For God sake I [illegible]
Thou might [illegible]
Thus labound [illegible]
That they be trained [illegible]
So hastily [illegible]
Some gathers gold [illegible]
Sir some would [illegible]
Give to me [illegible]
And all the [illegible]
Give me the [illegible]
But be [illegible]
To make [illegible]
Then slip away [illegible]
When he has [illegible]
He thought he [illegible]
To see that [illegible]
Of whom those [illegible]
To play with [illegible]
They be [illegible]
But after [illegible]
There was [illegible]
That learned [illegible]
But some [illegible]
Some play'd the [illegible]
Said one, devil stick me [illegible]
But Sir, I know a maid in [illegible]
One of the [illegible]

Whereto

Whereto, Sir, by Mary the patriarch
Holp thy tongue, whatever
I know fairer by
Sir, when ye please to
There shal ye see a lusty
How trifles
Said the thief
When his Grace
There shall he see
Sir (said the
And go all to an high
There may ye
Without
Thus every man
And did among
But I, alace, ever
Was troden down
With heavy charge
But I knew never
And hastily
Another
Which
And
That time I
But took perforce
Praying
That had the Court
The which against
Contrare the pleasure of the
For well I know
Was ever to me
And contrare
Caus'd pay me
Though I a while
Ye let me have

When

When I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I byde me in a nook
To see these uncouth dantties
How they like many burlie bees,
Did occupy their golden yours,
With help of these new Governours:
But my complaint for to compleet,
I got the sewie, and they the sweet.
And John Mackenie the Kings fool
Got double garmentes against Yool.
Yet in his most triumphant glore,
For his reward got the Orangore:
Now in the Court seldome he goes,
In dread men tread upon his toes.
As I that time durst not be seen
In open Court for both mine een.
Alace, I have no time to tarry
To shew yow all the fery fairy:
Yow these that had the gouernance,
Amongst themselves raisd variance:
And who most to my skaith consented,
Within few yeers full fore repented,
When they could make me no remeid:
For they were turnd out by the head:
And others took the governing,
Well worse than they in all kind thing.
Those Lords took no more regard,
But who might purchase best reward:
Some of their friends got benefices,
And other some got Bishoprics:
For every Lord as he thought best,
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the catherrow.
The proudest Prelats of the Kirk

were

Were fain to hide them in the mirk,
That time so rather was their work,
Sensyn they might not thole the light
Of Christis true Gospel to be seen,
So blinded are the ir corporal een
With worldly lusts sensual,
Taking in Realms the governal,
Both guiding Court and Session,
Contrare to their profession;
Wherefore I think they should have shame,
Of spiritual Priests to take the name;
For Isaias into his wark,
Calls them like dogs that cannot bark,
That call'd are Priests, and cannot preach,
Nor Christis Lambis the people teach:
If for to preach were their profession,
Why should they meill with Court or Session?
Except it were in spiritual things,
Referring unto Lords and Kings
Temporal causes to be
If they their spiritual
Each man might say they
But if they can play at
And mollet maplis on
Though they have never seen the Scripture,
Yet at this day as well as them,
Will ye mense such a spiritual man,
Princes that sicly Priests promotes,
Account thereof to give behoves?
Which shall not pass without punishment,
Except that they mend and repent;
And with due mortification,
Work after their vocation.
¶ I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse

Wher

When once that they be [illegible]
They are accident of [illegible]
And largely with [illegible]
To tame each Lord [illegible]
If for their part it [illegible]
So to the purpose of [illegible]
That time in Court [illegible]
And every Lord [illegible]
That all the Realms [illegible]
Till every one [illegible]
All fielded over [illegible]
At Lithgow, Melros, and Edinburgh:
But to declare, I think [illegible]
Of Noblemen that [illegible]
And als longsome [illegible]
Of them which to [illegible]
As tyrants, traitors, [illegible]
And common [illegible]
Men must be [illegible]
Into that Court [illegible]
There was [illegible]
But to new [illegible]
Then rose a reek [illegible]
The which could [illegible]
Then they alone [illegible]
They could not keep [illegible]
But of their [illegible]
That they were [illegible]

¶ Now potent Prince, I leap to thee
To thank the holy Trinitie,
That I have liv'd to see the day,
That all the world is [illegible]
And thou to no man [illegible]
Nor to such counsellors [illegible]
Bot four great heroick Cardinals;

I see

I set them with the
For Iustice
With her ballance
And in this Means
Both through the
That oppressed
Are hanged
Dame Patience
And Temperance
I see Dame Force
Wearing the
And lusty Lady
Both hang the
Dame Riches takes an
I pray God that the
That poverty
And thus
But from the
Amongst the
Dissimulance
Which wont
Folly is fled out
In which
Policy and
That bottomless
And all
Shal fettered be
John-upon-land
Wernale the
So is there
Without
Creeps
Playing
Cause
Confesse

To preach with [illegible]
And trumpets [illegible]
After Christs [illegible]
Leaving their [illegible]
Which he [illegible]
For whom Christ [illegible]
And superstitious [illegible]
Praying as [illegible]
Or publik [illegible]
I do the [illegible]
If thou [illegible]
Against the Lords [illegible]
As Jeroboam and many [illegible]
Princes of Israel [illegible]
Confesters to [illegible]
Which punish [illegible]
And from their [illegible]
So shall you [illegible]
Both here and [illegible]
And such the everlasting [illegible]
And if thou [illegible]
And keep his [illegible]
As did the faithful [illegible]
Both in their [illegible]
And as did many [illegible]
Of Israel, during [illegible]
As king David and Solomon,
Who Images [illegible]
In their rich [illegible]
Because it was not [illegible]
But destroyed [illegible]
As in the Scriptures [illegible]
Whose rich [illegible]
Which that we [illegible]
Since then [illegible]

Natham I tend to get [illegible]
And since thou art the [illegible]
That ebar in this Realme are [illegible]
Of Gold and [illegible]
[illegible]
And nathing [illegible]
In Scotland, England, and in France,
By martial [illegible]
And art to every vertue [illegible]
I know thy grace will [illegible]
But thou hast either given me [illegible]
Would thy grace [illegible]
Of gald, a thousand pounds of [illegible]
And I shal [illegible]
Thy Grace a tast of payment,
With sealed obligation,
Under this [illegible]
When the Bull and the Sterne May,
Was set upon the Summe Aquay:
When the Lebumed [illegible]
Was lifted up to [illegible]
When Church men [illegible]
Nor wives no [illegible]
Winter without frost [illegible]
Then shall I give thee Gold again.
Or I shal make thee [illegible]
After the day of Judgement,
Within a moneth at the least,
When Saint Peter shal make a feast,
To all the Fishers of Aberlady,
So thou have mine acquittance ready.
Failing thereof by Saint Philan,
Thy Grace gets never a groat again;
If then be not content of this,
I must request the King of blisse,

Lest he to me be to [illegible]
And cause thy Grace [illegible]
For David King of [illegible]
Of [illegible] was the great [illegible]
Sayes, God hath [illegible]
The pearles of [illegible]
Even as he list [illegible]
That must they be [illegible]
Some to exalt in dignity,
And some to [illegible]
Sometime of [illegible]
And sometimes [illegible]
As pleaseth [illegible]
For thou art but [illegible]
Of that great God [illegible]
So when it pleaseth [illegible]
Thy Grace [illegible]
Or he shall cause [illegible]
Of quiet life [illegible]
And take me [illegible]
And spend that [illegible]
Of this complaint [illegible]
Thy Grace [illegible]

ther, [illegible], by the grace of God, Our Spirituall
Archbishop of Saint Andrewis, and Chan-
cellar of
pylled by Sir David Lindsay of the
Mount, Knycht,
King of Armis

Mortales cum nati sint, supra Deos se vix eleuant.

THE PROLOGUE

NOt long ago after the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
I took a buik to rede for my pastime,
Where I found many Tragedyes and Storyis
Which Iohn Boccal hes put in memorie:
How worthy Princes, Conquerouris and Kingis
Were baldlie beguild of their realmis and thingis.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour
In Babylon was poysoned piteouslie,
And Iulius the mightie Emperour,
Murthered at Rome, cruellie and cruikit,
Pytuent Pompey in Egypt murthered,
He murthered was, quhat needeth mair to meit,
Of Whole Empyres were pitie to deplore.

I fetling to sleep was full fane,
Right suddenly before me did appear
A woundrey man, abominablie greening,
Of aspect grym, and hiddeous to heir,
Seeming a man of full many yeiris,
In raiment rent, clothed full contemptiouslie,
Of velvet, quhilk of layis was worne.

With feeble voice, as man oppressit with pain,
Shortlie he made me [illegible]

Reading my fortune, go read, and read again,
If thou canst find by true narration,
Of any prince like to my passion,
Right sure I am Master John Bocace on live,
My tragedy at length he would describe,
Since he is gone, I pray thee to subtile,
Of mine infortune some remembrance:
Do at the least my tragedy to write,
As I to thee shall shew the circumstance,
In termes short of my unhappy chance,
Since my beginning was my fatal end,
Which I would to all creatures were kend.
I hope (sais I) make such memorial,
But of thy name I have intelligence,
I am David that careful Cardinal,
Which do appear (said he) to thy presence,
Then sometime for a great pre-eminence,
Then he began his mone so for to rehearse,
As ye shall hear, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

I David Beaton sometimes Cardinall
Of noble blood by line I am descended:
During my time I bore my part real,
But now alas (I come my fatal end)
My eyes be gone upon the stream,
So that into this world I never reign,
So great a man as I under a king,
When I was a young scholler at the schools,
Princes to serve I did me wholly bind,
First unto King James the fifth I joined,
An Abbacy of great riches and rent,
Of that estate yet was I not content,
To gather riches diligently and slowly,
Mine heart was set right wise and wholly,

I made subject to our soveraign King.
He did preferre me to many high estate
A Prince about all princes for renown
Arch-bishoprick of S. Andrews conferred
Lo that honour when I was elevate,
My private hate was not content at all
Till that I created a Cardinall:
Yet proud I to have more authority,
And finally was chosen Chancellor
And for upholding of my dignity
Was made Legate, then had I no compare.
I purchast for my pastes singulare,
By hopes and treasures to advance,
The Bishoprick of Mirepoix in France.

Of all Scotland I got the governall,
But mine noble conclusion was nothing.
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinall,
Into this Realm no greater than I reigned,
But if I had been Pope, Emperour or King.
For shortness of the time I am unable,
At length to set in mine acts honourable.

For I sought my princely pleasance,
Amongst Princes in France I have the price,
I shewed my high magnificence
In banqueting, playing at Cards and dice,
Into such delicates I made better,
And spared not for gold nor silver,
Thirty thousand Crowns of gold upon a night,
In France I entertained the Dolphin,
Where I did cast out of remembrance,
Though me loves made I many times marriage,
Legat, Sovereign, both under and principall,
Duress Magdalen the first daughter of France,
With great cost and [illegible] Scotland brought.

That

Which happens of these Kartes heere balanter.
In this Region to be predominance.

As for my Lord, our righteous Governour,
If I would flatter Gods ire heere
To him I put no manner of debate,
During that time I purpose to be
Should never come to no authority
For his support I therefore be brought among
Forth of England the noble Earl of Angus

Then does I put aback from my purpose,
And suddenly cast in captivity
My pitiful heart to daunt I suppose,
Debised by the high Divinity
Yet in mine heart sprang no humility:
But now the Word of God full well I knew,
What heart so evil of itself God will bring low.

In the mean time when I was so subjected
Ambassadors were sent into England
Where they with peace & marriage contracted
And more surely for to observe that bond,
It were promised divers pledges of Scotland,
Of that contract I was no little content,
For rather would I never give my consent
To Captain that keeped me in ward,
Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty
Wherethrough I escaped from captivity
But when I was free at my liberty
Then like a Lion I leaped from pleasure
But through the devotion I quit me right and true

Concerning the Queen my dear companion,
Discontinued I never from her,
Purposing for to pass into France
Submitted unto my correction

Thus

Or put him to exile, or some lubber hand
During this time, it were both needless and
This Mortimer may well be left behind.

The Governor purposing to
I call'd an host of men by a hasty
And meant to have that Ladgow got away
For he destroyed a monk about the town:
But then I got grim black malicious
Yet contrary the Governors intend
With our young prince we sent away.

For high contemption of the Governors
I brought the Earl of Lennox out of France,
That lusty Lord living in great pleasure,
Dis loue that land and hated ordinance:
But we and I fell out at variance
And though my counsel was within short space,
Forsake and disagree, he got no other grace.

Then through my prudence, practicks ingine,
Our Governor I caused to consent
Full quietly to my counsel incline.
But yet this Nobles were not well content:
For why? I caused a Parliament
To hold at Perth concerning with England,
Wherethrough cause began a perfect to Scotland.

The peace holden, straight we war against
By sea, and land, great infortune
Which to repeat my sorrowful heart
The better to shun in certain
I pass the cure of all the great
The French Governor may see, it
That my name has [illegible]

I was the cause of double
For to uphold of my glory
Your pleasure of the potent King of France,

With

Or why should money be to them
That cannot gaine their fees about the lawe?

Assume ye not to be Gods ministers,
And for your sake he gave commaundements,
Since of your Office ye cannot take the cloke,
As Canons Lawe and Scripture you commaunde:
Ye shall not take coine (quoth he) of widdowes,
Lyttle wast, ouine lambe, heifer calfe, ne turtle
To make seruice ye are alle and some.

Ye bene hypocrites, do not ye bere beare,
Amens your tithes nale beanes, your hops cummyn,
Truth well ye shal be called to your rownde,
Of every thing belonging to your cures:
Leu be balarrep, your parlatrye and boorde,
Remembryng on mine unpayinted heade,
For after death may no man make restreede.

Ye Prelates that be the ministers for to preche,
Ye lome a simple Prieste for you to preache:
It is your craft, I make it be you knowe,
Your selues lome your Masters for to teache:
But marcket nor chepyng ship ye there haue,
For if they selleth, bothe ye and they
Then will they leave the Bishoppe Marlyng.

Wherefore is given to you such royal Kyng,
But for to lere the people spirituall lore,
Preaching to them the Olde and newe Testament,
The Lawe of Moyses holy to conclude?
But not your paper into them sowingly goon,
As I haue seene: beware my gentle reading,
Yeue me no help at mine vnhappy houre.

That day lerne I how Bishop conferreth orders,
The great Bible was bound with my blacke,
What haue therein I little knewe, God wote:
Yeye then I kept bearing a precious packe,

But

But hastily my conscience I unbind
For I was willing both to make plain confession
The Law of God to preach with good intention.
Brethren, right ill when pastors counterfeit,
Ye outlive your part the self-same suffer.
Ye may be called Bishops counterfeit,
As gallants lusting for to make a guise.
Now think I, Princes are put to pain,
To give a famous Office to a fool
As who would put a Mitre on a stock.
Alace! if ye that have what state hath from,
How I lay bullocking before in my sleep,
To mend your lives it hath seldom been:
Any leads your wits corrupted conscience,
Falling through it, then hearing I conclude,
Errors go from your Rebellion still,
Ye that be far beside the self-same mind.

To the Princes.

I Prudent Princes, without discretion
Having an earthly power I unwight
Ye be the cause of this your confession,
I speak unto you all in general
Which do dispose all Offices instant,
Giving the souls inheritance to their Prince
To think Princes bear conscience to keep
When the Prince doth lack an Officer,
A baker, brewer, or a master-cook,
A trim taylor, a cunning carpenter,
Over all the land at length he will cause seek
Most able men such Offices to keep.
A brewer that can brew me a lusty ale,
A cunning cook that best can season Meats.
A taylor who hath tottered term in France,

That

That can make yt a sinne or a vertue quite,
Be Parishes are the cause of this vnlearned,
That many cures such wilde men receaued,
Be ought to be vpon the fault of the bishop,
Cause learning is so little to them a friende,
The Lack of Gods word only is amended.

Make him vnderstand that preaching
As each person of his charge
A Parson was not charged to teach,
Cause Christ sayde
Also
Which to the people Christ
But not to preach
Set of a thing out of a parish
The which
Nor what
Except the cards, the dyce, the chesse and table
Of Romerakers
Of Cattipoles
Nor of
Nor of fantasticall
Shall make
Of Catabutists,
That in the Church can neither sing nor say,
Though they be teached vp in Cambrige streyght
Like nurses Doctors
And mumble
Nor qualified to
But though
I can
Alas, through
And make
Albeit

albeit I was a Legate and Cardinall,
Little I was subiect in spirituall things I
I understood no reuerence spirituall
Do men vse to sit in Abuse of the Church.
I preach the word, and not to sit aboue,
Do you Princes, shall make me a Cardinall
right so on us Clergymen impose preferment.
Do you Princes for vnbefitted giving
To ignorants such offices to vse:
And me for out in poysonate sinking,
Which should haue done for dignity refuse?
Our ignorance
Lazarus
That euer
O King
Virgins
into the
to make
woman
where there is
That from
What if
Or out of
the
meeting the
in many
be
Of
without
and
Scotland
Christ
Fathers
Emperour

Shall burieth he in hel soul, blood, and bones.

That ever I was borne here, 1570 I rew.
Dirdo such thing is possible my pretie
I must depart, therefore my friends adew.
Where there is plaisure than now more I mone
I may take it my friends me recommend
And Scotia not to change to put in mynd
My treasons, my pride, & mone endes.

The declaration of the death of Queen

O Cruel death the grave is the inheritance
Adam the hoop blame cause of sin & mischance
In thy bedside this cruel tyrant reigns
And spares neither the mayde, nor kings
And nobles alike hath here their end
The fashes

Father Adam, alas, that thou should
Thy free will
Thou chaung
Thy succession
That thou
That it may

O dreadful Dea
Which nigh
Le regne
That he
Scotland

Thou let
Thus seeing

And

But thou (prayse in passion is found my guide)
Dost Alleluja, [illegible]

Thou shouldst have heard the sweet Orations
Wanting [illegible]
Both of the Clergy, Court and Commonalties,
Which many a tuneable narration
Thou shouldst have seen, [illegible]
In the late Queen of that holy Kingdome I mean
In presence [illegible]

Such hangings, such rich ornaments, (then
On holie-days [illegible] should have
Such Chappel [illegible] instruments,
And cratie musick singing from the skies.
In this country I have never seen the like,
But all this [illegible]
Then turned [illegible]

Since [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] what [illegible]
Since [illegible]
From [illegible]
Since [illegible]
But all [illegible]
Let us [illegible]
That [illegible]
That [illegible]
[illegible]
With Magdalen [illegible]
O death, [illegible]
Of a very [illegible]
Of their [illegible]
As shal be seen of Magdalen in France.

Sir, (with your pleasure) concerning my suit to you,
But since your leisure hath not yet vouchsafed
To answer it, I will (in the mean time)
Entertain the Queen with an extemporal
And loose Song, suitable to the present occasion.
The day will come, and then (perhaps) I may
Chance to find leisure to answer your request.

What can we say for love, but 'tis call'd
In Venus mirth? I grant, Sir, that is true,
The time hath been I have been free
Then I am now; but yet for love I vow
That ever I will mouth-chamber it perfum'd:
Wherefore take heed, a pox on me, I swear I spake
And waste it not, but keep it for my mistress.

Though you run cubiting like a Fencer,
Shifting your feet as many times as he:
Believe right, 'twill it is a losing game;
Wherefore beware with doubling of the heels;
For many you be [illegible]
And specially when that the wind goes up,
Then cannot get again such [illegible]

I give your Constitution [illegible]
That breath natural, [illegible]
Suffering you run [illegible]
wasting your lungs, [illegible]
For like a lubbers [illegible]
Riotously like a rude [illegible]
Lapsucking like a furious fornicator.

On [illegible]
How ever the [illegible]
Remember [illegible]
You call a queen [illegible]
That fiend with [illegible]
Cast down the [illegible]

A

Against the King's flying.

The Complaint and publick Confession of the King's old Horse called Bush, directed to Bawty the King's best beloved Dog, and his companion.

A Lass, &c.

Now are the
I have followed
while my youth
The Countrey
I am so crooked,
That I know not
For when I had
I thought me so
I never dreamt
I rew the cake that
Brought Bawry to the
I pray God let him
Since then I
For Bawry now gets
That he lyes
where I perforce
Put in the clefe
For I
A wiercter
A tyrant
A murtherer
If the
For the
Spent
which in
And
Sweet
That
All other
where I began
For
For wife,
When
Of mine

For

The which before had none for me:
This proverbis of Sertes
which I had learn red in a letter.
The highest in Court weareth the widow
Except he going bind all the better.
I took no more thought of
Then I did of
Though he very pay
I was set my shoe the lace.
The gentle Hound was to me kinde.
And with the Kings own fingers fed.
The silly Kaches
Thus for mine ease
Therefore Bayard
When thou art
For then thou
Be thou not good
But no poor tyke
Nor yet no silly
He sits above
And of a Knight
When I came
All Kaches great
I of no creature
But lay upon
With cloath of gold
For fear each
With every Dog
They trembled
Good brother
Though with thy
It cryes a vengeance
For to oppress
In wealth be
And do no wrong

As I habe whiche I now repeate,
No Meſſan reabe to make me rich,
Nor for augmenting of my bounne,
Ask no reuarb, [illegible]
Which may be hurt to my [illegible]
Erpreſſe againſt [illegible]
Chuſe no par cyke from [illegible]
Thzough call of count, nor [illegible]
And of thy ſelf preſume [illegible]
Except thou be a bzocal [illegible]
Truſt well there is none [illegible]
Nor butchers Dog, [illegible]
A tyrant nor a tranſgreſſour,
That ſhall agaw of the [illegible]
From time forth that [illegible]
Doth clearly know the [illegible]
But he is ſeemly for to [illegible]
Or hanged high upon a [illegible]
Though he be coupled [illegible]
With ſin and ſolye of [illegible]
A dog may come out [illegible]
And make your brain [illegible]
Then ſhal your pleaſure [illegible]
When a ſtrong hunter [illegible]
And all your creance [illegible]
Then ſhal your labour [illegible]
I ſay no more, good [illegible]
In dzeas we ne ber [illegible]
That ever I knew [illegible]
Was never hunter ſo [illegible]
Let no dog [illegible]
Except he be of [illegible]
Be ye par varie I [illegible]
He hath need of [illegible]
That I am of [illegible]

The

The Earl of Huntly I may [illegible]
He weend that I had been [illegible]
When to the Court he came [illegible]
Would God I were now in [illegible]
Because I have been [illegible]
And w, I would [illegible]
I dread I may be into a [illegible]

A Supplication directed from Sir DAVID LINDSAY
of the [illegible] to the King's Grace, in Contemp-
tion of this Tailis [illegible]
Maisted Feast.

Sir, though your Grace hath [illegible]
Both in the Spirituall and Temporall,
Yet I make supplication [illegible]
To have [illegible]
Of a final fault which [illegible]
Though it be superfluous to [illegible]
Because the [illegible]
It may not [illegible]
Wherefore I [illegible]
To bear me [illegible]
Of flinking [illegible]
So man may [illegible]
Soveraign, I mean of [illegible]
Which [illegible]
These quarters [illegible]
Expels against [illegible]
Though [illegible]
Some men to [illegible]
For [illegible]
Right to [illegible]

Thus alwayes
Another fault
They blame
When
Without
That none may
An honest
Except their
They get no
Unlesse a
She will discern
And with a
Which visage
When our
Should no man
Though
In that case
See when they go to quite
Them
With any
Though
We may consider what I mean,
But in the Countrey men see places,
I think they should use plain termes:
Except there
By stepping
But
A place
Both in the
To shew their
Some should
Except the
Because this matter is not fain,
Of Mysteries it should be

KITTIE'S CONFESSION

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID LINDSAY
of the Mount

Said she, I
Said he, that
Therefore
Tibbie and Peni
By my conscience
Said he, I'se
Said she,
Said he, his
To make my
Said he, know
I know not
Said he, heard
Said she,
Said he, the
Fy I am
Said he,
Said she,
Said he, his
And he
When she
Said he, I
But to
Said she,
And I must
Said he
But he
To
Then
What
Said he, I
We
They
And

Give thee absolu[illegible]
Then into pilgrimages
The very ways to
Of all this penn[illegible]
I had them all perfect
To mow and swear
I shal it see anything
But he my counsel could not
He made him by the
Then cryed Collops, bre[illegible]
Hose and shoes
Cakes and
Coons of meat,
Woollen and linnen,
Dame, hoppe
Though
And so with us
Friers swear by
None be safe
And make
That it is
Yet it is
The people to
It is nought
Save mens
Whereth[illegible]
And make their
Sitting in
Adore
And doth the people teach and tyll,
To serve the Pope and Antichrist,
To the great God Omnipotent:
Confess thy sin, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as witeth Paul.

By

[illegible]STING

That they could never their spear get in the rest,
when gentle James tryed first with John a quarter,
His spear did fall amongst the hazle short.
I am right sure, good James you must unlearn;
Therefore that John his mare has rob'd upon.
My spear is good, nole beg it from my knocks
Said John, although thou think'st my legs like rocks.
Carry a while, said James, for thy own thrift,
The fend a thing can I see but the Kirk.
No more can I, said John, by my head,
I see nothing, except the Steeple-head:
Defend thee man, then was there calling
Where not that John for
Where not amongst
James
And can
Johns friends
Then James let drive at John with both his feet,
That the mare, and both upon the lifted
Which the Prose he mean the mare was slain;

[illegible] James, his Dapper Steed in the Joust.
Then gentle James began to crack good words:
Place, said he, this day, for lack of Swords.
Then either ran at other with new Staves,
With globes of plate they beat all others faces.
Who won the field, no creature could name,
Till at the last, John cryed: Hold for Shame.
Well, said James, for it is my desire,
It is an hour since I began to tire.
So by they had ended that Royal rink,
Scarce the field might no man stand for stink.
Then every man that stood on far, cry'd, Fy,
Saying; Abew, for dire parts company.
Their horse-harness and all things was so gud,
Nothing to hath, that day was shed no blud.

FINIS.

Quod Lindsay, at command of
King James the Fifth.

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